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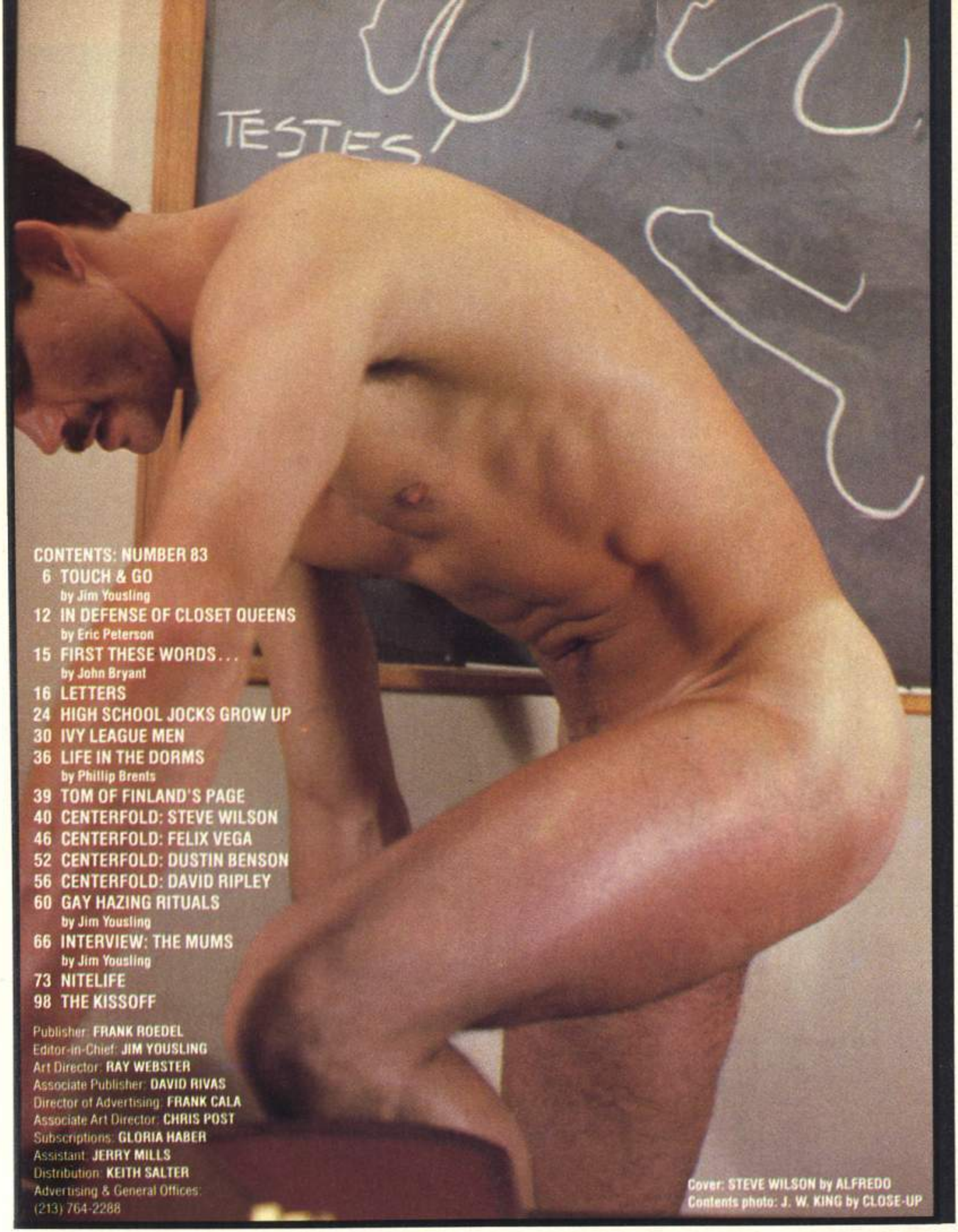
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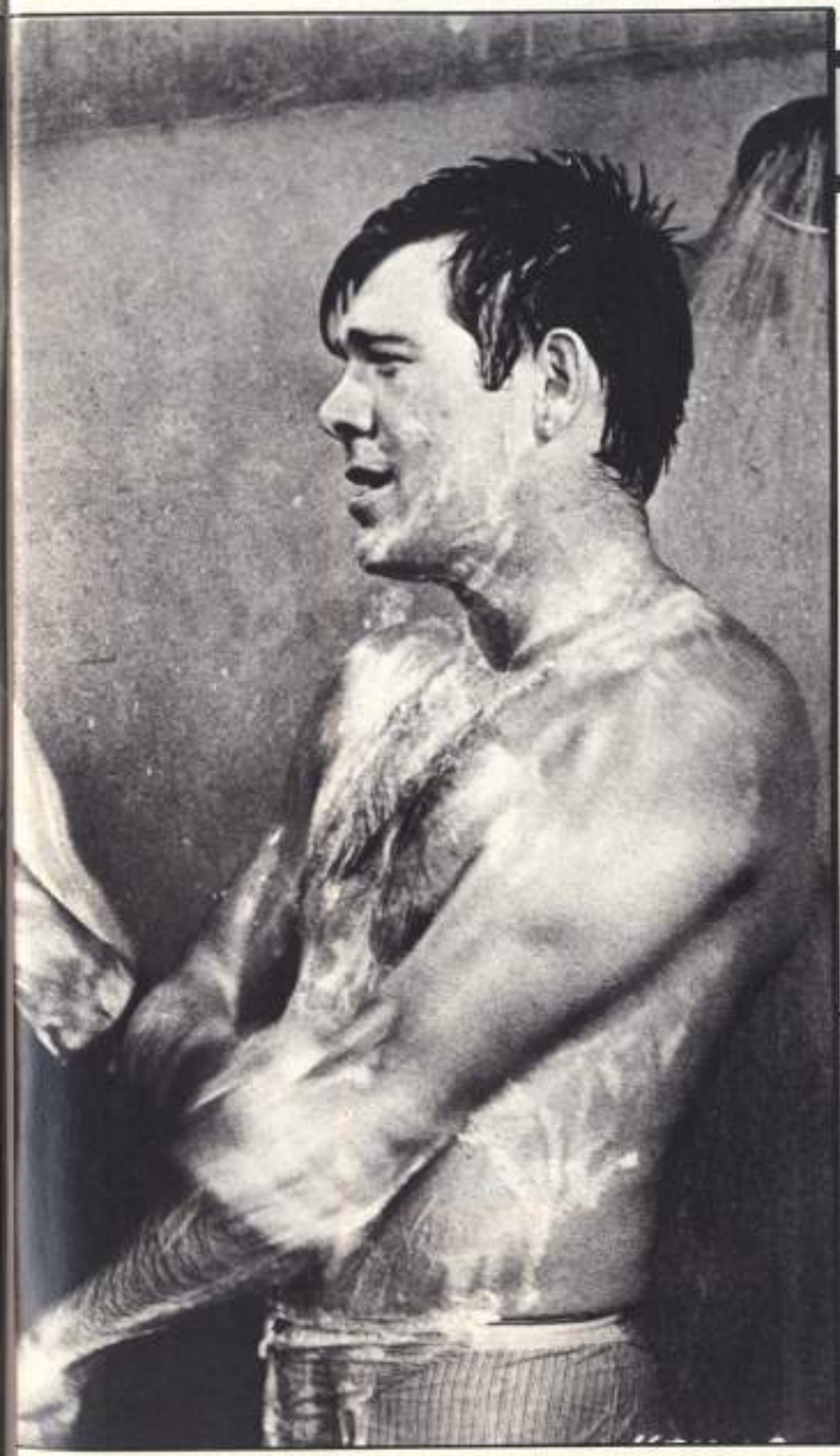
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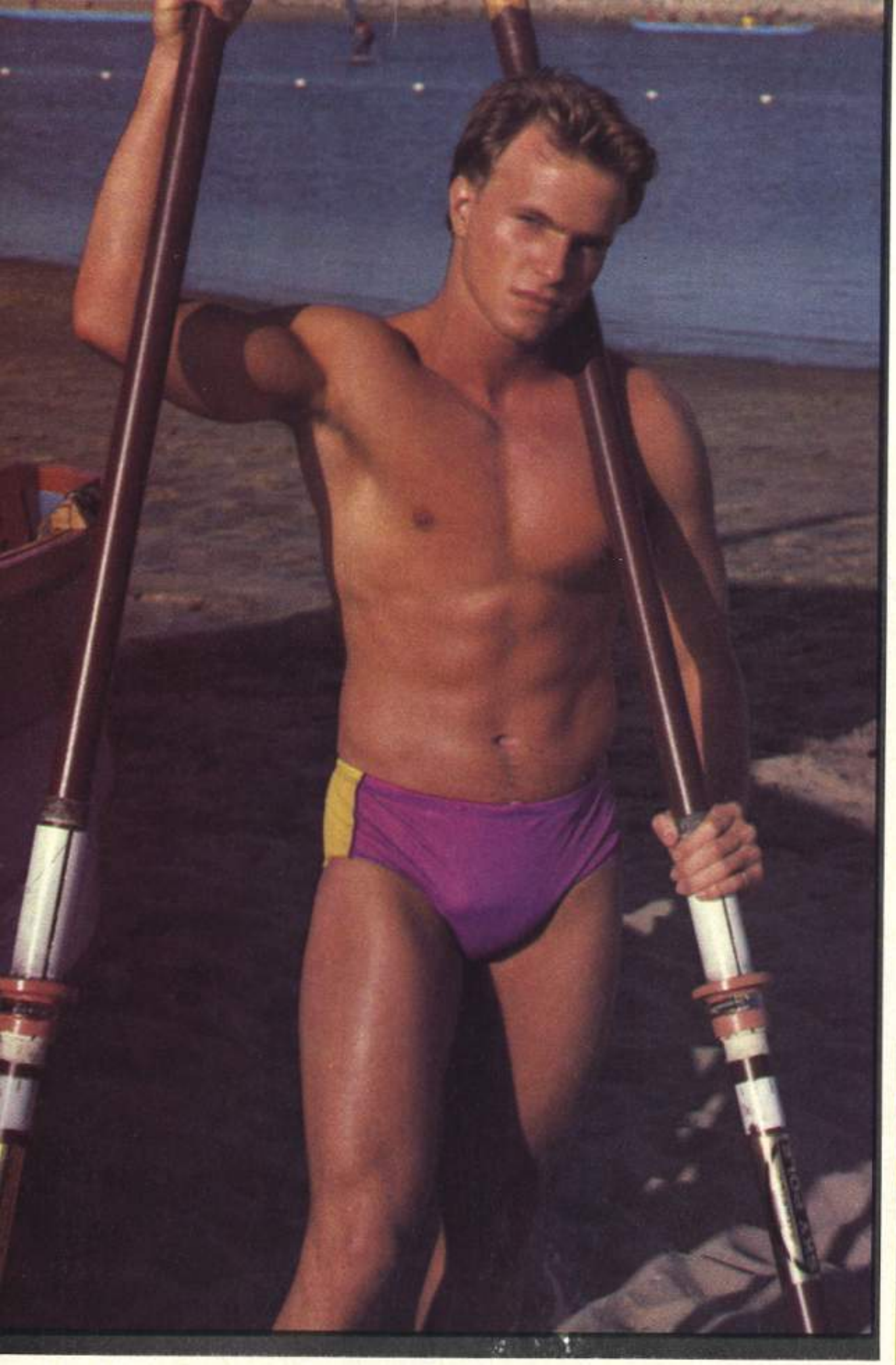
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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?: The easy answer is that these men are showering with their shorts on. But the *best* answer is that nobody's dropping the soap. Obviously, these students never saw one of our educational back-to-school issues. This year, "Gay Hazing Rituals" gives some excellent pointers on soap-dropping, "Life in the Dorms" explains showerroom sex, and getting men out of their underwear is covered in the centerfold section. Just think — if these guys had the educational advantages that you have, *Splendor in the Grass* would have been Hollywood's first X-rated movie.

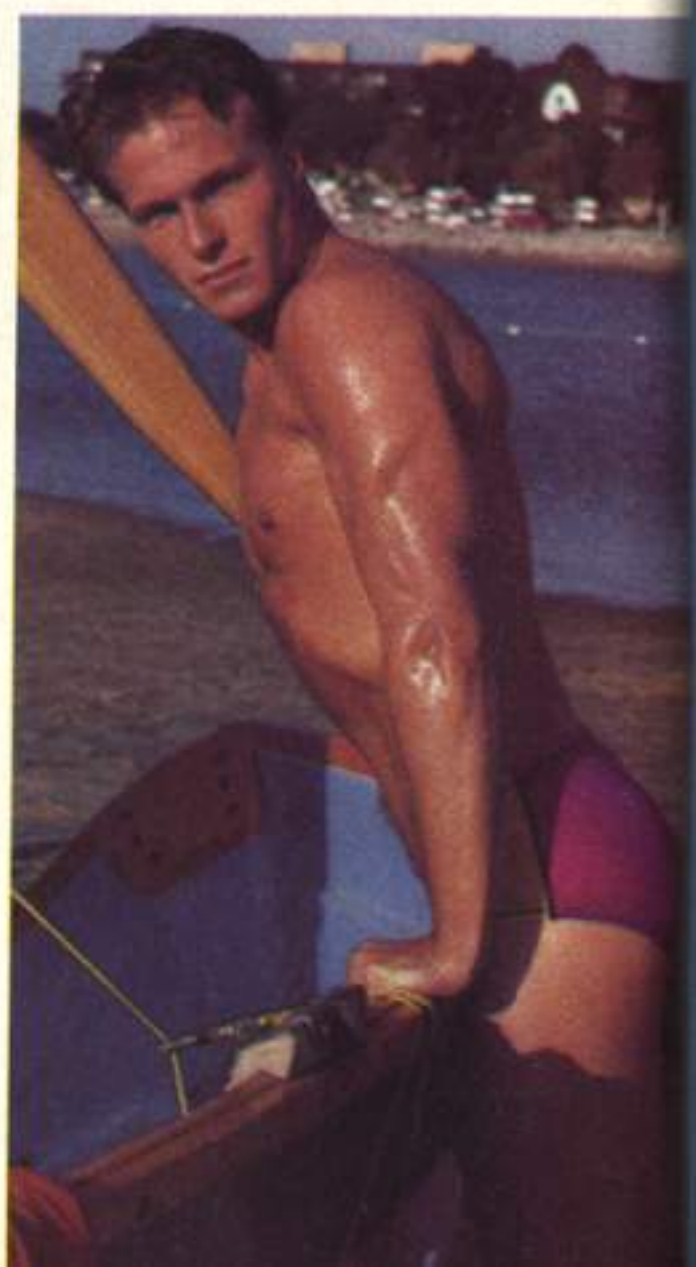
SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS (1961, WARNER BROS.), COURTESY COLLECTORS BOOK STORE





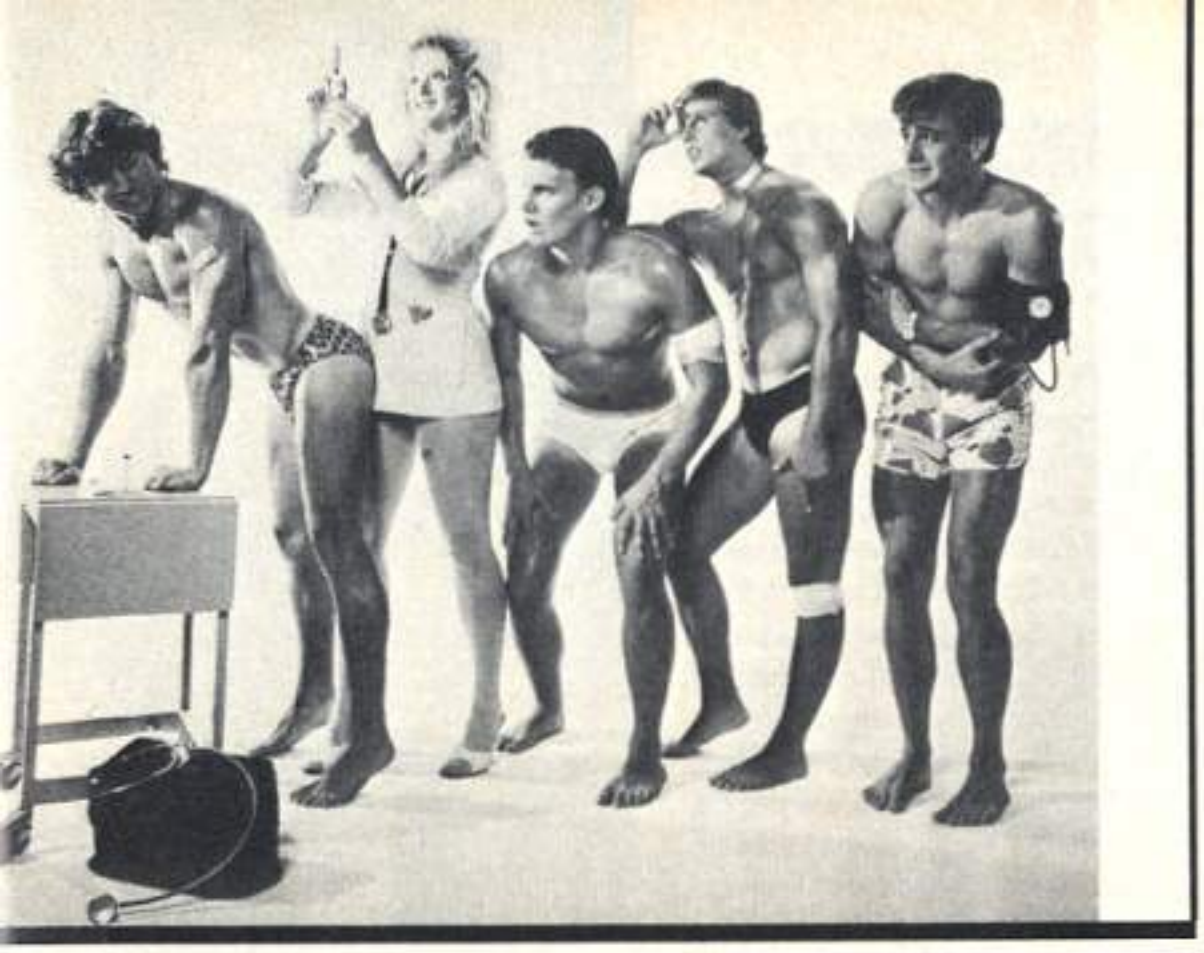
MICHAEL UHLENKOTT

AND YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS PAUL: A new book published in London and now available in the U.S. asserts that Beatle John Lennon had a "torrid" love affair with the group's manager, Brian Epstein. The book, *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me* by rock producer Simon Napier-Bell, gives Epstein's account of "the first time I got to kiss John after I'd been crazy about him for years." Epstein, long dead of a drug overdose, made little effort to conceal his interest while he managed the Beatles. But Napier-Bell's evidence that Lennon reciprocated is rather circumstantial — chiefly a rumor arising from a 1963 vacation that Lennon and Epstein took alone together. Napier-Bell says Epstein's interest in the Beatles was always less than strictly professional. The book says that he was "besotted" with Lennon from the start and that the "four slim boys in form fitting leather, sweat drenched and prancing, left him fascinated." —R. D. Rae



GET READY TO CREAM YOUR JEANS: Meet Mark Rigoni, one of the 14 men who adorn a 1984 calendar called **California Fantasies.** We cannot recommend it enough. It all began last year with an attractive black-and-white calendar, *The Men of Venice Beach,* which was such a success that the publishers expanded the concept and went full-color this year. The models aren't necessarily gay, but that won't matter one little bit when you get this sucker up against the wall. The photos in the calendar aren't as explicit as the one shown here — the publishers generously supplied us with their uncensored outtakes, which are also featured in a six-page spread beginning on page 24 — but every single month is a beaut. Producer Tim O'Rourke has rounded up a great group of models, and photographer Roger Le Claire (who appeared as last year's "Mr. April") is rapidly becoming the country's primo male photographer. *California Fantasies* is currently in stores everywhere: also available by mail from Brefney Press (P.O. Box 140, Venice, CA 90291; $7.95 plus $1.00 p&h). Order several, because your friends will steal them and you'll probably get at least one of them very, very sticky.

PHOTOS BY ROGER LE CLAIR / COURTESY BREFNEY PRESS





MORE CALENDARS TO DRIVE YOU CRAZY!: Exhibit One: that juicy cover on the **Up Front** 1984 calendar ($7.95). It's just one of a dozen amazing basket shots, all in full color and guaranteed to give you something to live for, month after month. Exhibit Two: a semi-heterosexual calendar called **28 Men & a Woman** ($10.95), which allows a pretty blonde model named Dana Parker to dress up in lots of different outfits and cavort with 28 very attractive men. If you really hate women, keep the calendar open to the seven months which feature men only — and go see a psychiatrist. Exhibit Three: **Lamparski's Calendar of the Stars** ($7.95), which features our very favorite photo of Buckwheat (*otay!*) in sepia, Greta Garbo (by Cecil Beaton) in black-and-white, and 10 stunning full-color shots, including one of the prettiest hand-tinted Marilyn Monroes ever. Also included: lots and lots of movie-star birthdates, many accompanied by additional photos. All in all, it's lavish, informative and fun — and available in book and gift stores all over. *Up Front* and *Lamparski's Calendar of the Stars* are published by Landmark (P.O. Box 1100, Sausalito, CA 94965; quantity wholesale orders only). *28 Men & a Woman* is from The Austin Projects (P.O. Box 9802 No. 600, Austin, TX 78766; quantity only). The *Up Front* photos are also available on cards and as a book. It's going to be a very good year.





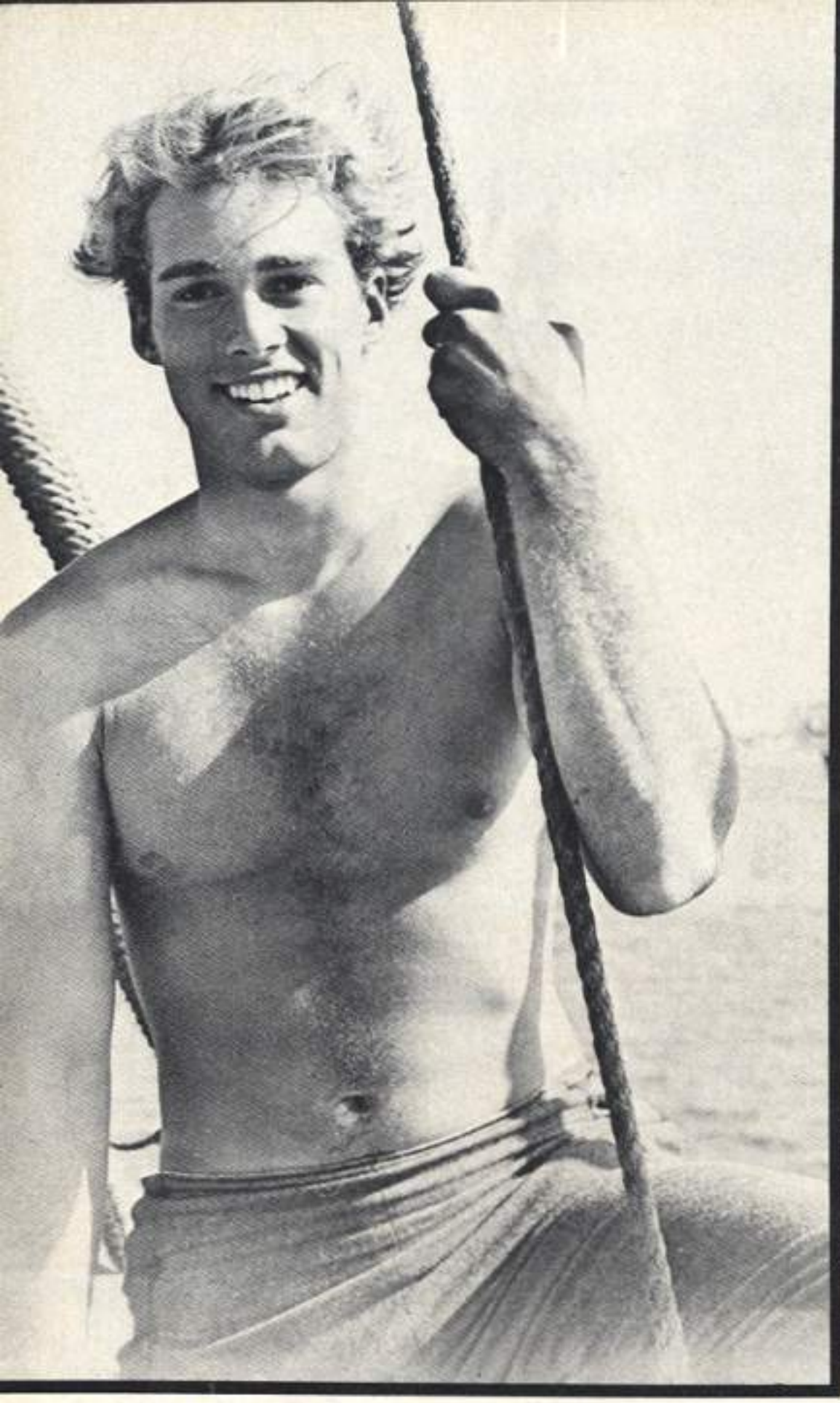
MICHAEL UHLENKOTT

SHALL WE DANCE?: When England's national teachers union held their annual conference on the British island Jersey, the outspoken Gay Teachers Group was a bit offended, since homosexuality is illegal there. At one gathering, the gay teachers asked their fellow members — heterosexuals included — to dance with members of the same sex as a protest. And, according to London's *Gay News*, "more than half the floor turned to 'homosexual' bopping." Another heartwarming development: the Gay Teachers Group handed out 400 pink triangles, which were not only worn throughout the conference but were also seen on the plane back to the mainland — many on "straight" teachers. Jersey may have been outraged, but the neighboring island of Guernsey quickly announced a three year "trial suspension" of its own anti-homosexual laws.



GREAT MOMENTS I SPORTS: Here's the latest entr in our erratic, erotic series, show ing an unidentified pole vaulte captured in mid-air during th Drake University relays. For onc we're speechless.

COURTESY THE SPORTS LOVER



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GONE...BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: Errol Flynn's handsome son Sean didn't do much acting. He starred in *Son of Captain Blood* (1962) and not much else. Sadly, Sean went to Vietnam as a photojournalist and was never heard from again. He is assumed to be a casualty of that ridiculous war — but we like to imagine that he's living up the river with Marlon Brando, *Apocolypse*-style. A recent song by the Clash ("Sean Flynn," on the *Combat Rock* album) may help rekindle interest in this beautiful man. But this photo will probably do a great deal more. Sean, wherever you are, we remember you.

ON THE WATERS FRONT: Director John Waters (*Pink Flamingos*, *Polyester*) doesn't just film bad taste, he *lives* it. So imagine our surprise at finding the gay fuckfilm *El Paso Wrecking Corporation* on his list of the ten movies he'd most like to own on video tape, which appeared in the highly respectable *American Film* magazine. *El Paso* is Joe Gage's moving story of a boy, his father and Fred Halsted as they reach out and touch each other in a manner still frowned upon by Canadian Custom officials. How it got on Waters' list, trapped like a wild animal between *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Butterfly*, we'll never know, but Waters says Gage "makes the best porno I've ever seen — gay or straight. Gage's men are similar to Russ Meyer's women — ludicrously endowed." Other Waters favorites include *The Wizard of Oz* ("Why I don't know, but the sight of Dorothy opening the gate as the wind rips it off its hinges invariably make me feel like asking somebody for a date"), *Endless Love* ("It manages to give 'camp' a bad name"), *Good Morning and Goodbye!* (a Russ Meyer film featuring "strippers, showgirls and top-heavy madwomen"), *Single Room Furnished* (Jayne Mansfield as a waitress, a hooker and a *teenager* in her last film) and *Butterfly* (starring his "all-time favorite movie star of the past two weeks," Pia Zadora.) Though these are the films Waters would most like to have on tape, he prefers to see them at the movies, as God and Samuel Goldwyn intended. "I'm actually scared of that hideous light that comes from the screen, especially if it's the only illumination in the room," he says. "It makes everyone in the room look older, more sickly, and less intelligent. Have doctors studied this? I mean, is it possible prolonged video watching can cause loss of hair, impetigo, or, who knows, gay cancer?" It's a prospect just slightly more frightening than sitting through some of Waters' favorite films. —R. D. Rae



COURTESY JOHN WATERS

JOHN WATERS with PIA ZADORA

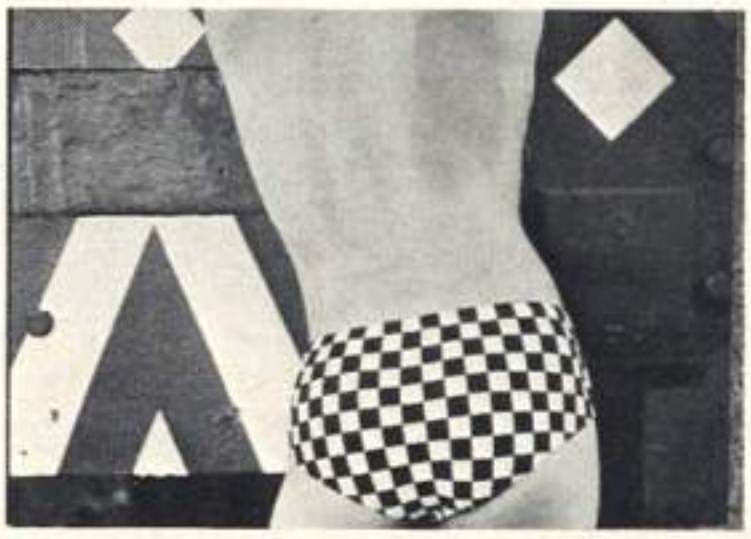
DRAWER DROPPERS: These two new greeting cards from Male America have no clever messages inside. Instead, they offer before-and-after shots of some very yummy situations. Seen here: (1) a little sequence called "I Was Raised on the Roofs of NYC" and (2) "Checkerboard Buns" — both by photographer Stanley Stellar — all in full color. A series of 14 cards are now available at your favorite card shop.

1

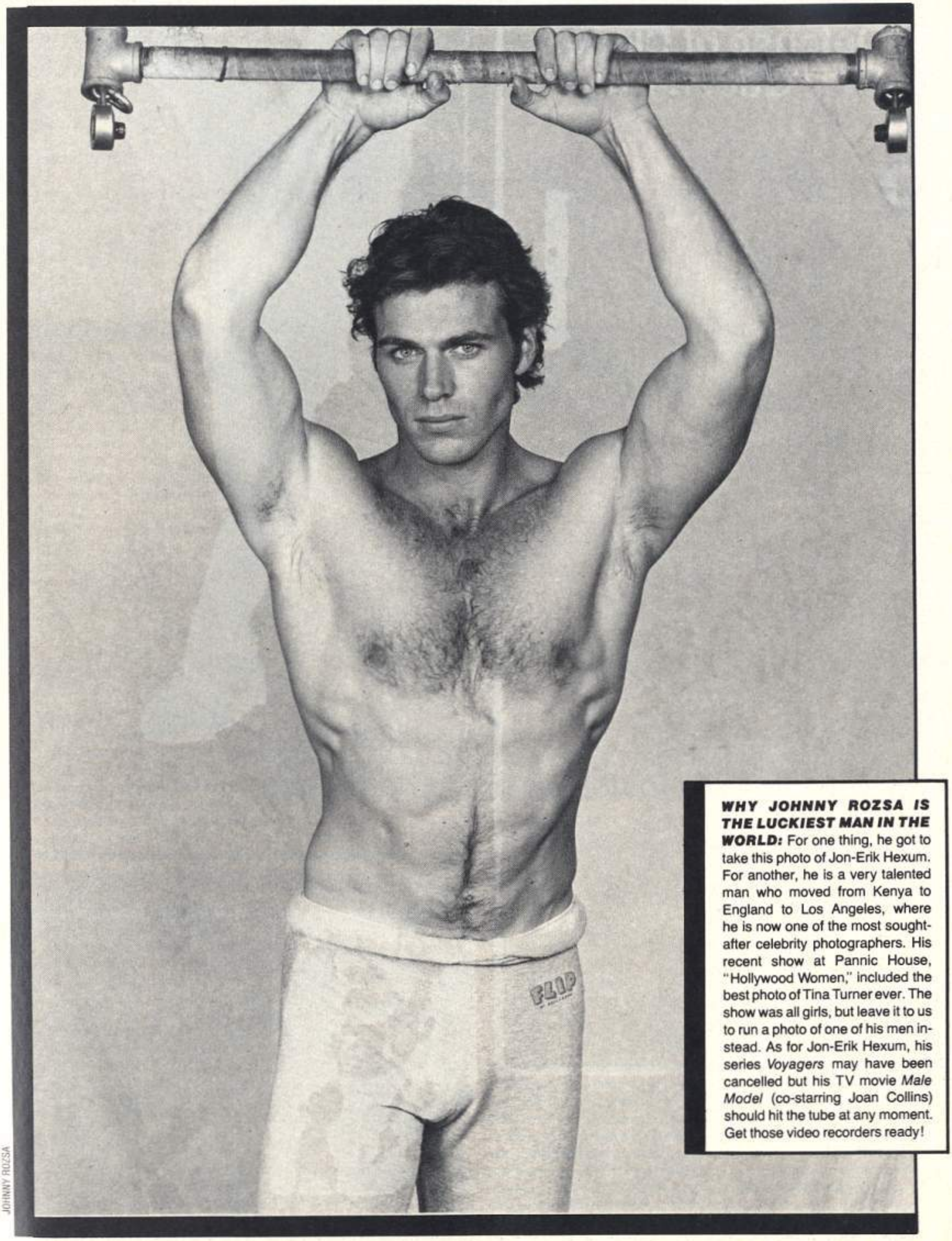




2







JOHNNY ROZSA

WHY JOHNNY ROZSA IS THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD: For one thing, he got to take this photo of Jon-Erik Hexum. For another, he is a very talented man who moved from Kenya to England to Los Angeles, where he is now one of the most sought-after celebrity photographers. His recent show at Pannic House, "Hollywood Women," included the best photo of Tina Turner ever. The show was all girls, but leave it to us to run a photo of one of his men instead. As for Jon-Erik Hexum, his series *Voyagers* may have been cancelled but his TV movie *Male Model* (co-starring Joan Collins) should hit the tube at any moment. Get those video recorders ready!

In Defense of Closet Queens

BY ERIC PETERSEN



One of the most ignored and maligned segments of the gay community is the so-called closet queen. The label itself is derisive. We are ridiculed, made the villains of movies and literature, and exiled as outcasts. We are accused of wanting the best of both worlds. We are condemned as indecisive at best, and selfish, self-indulgent and self-deceiving at worst. The gay media continually makes apologies (if any are actually necessary) for the pederast, the sadist, the water aficianado and the transvestite, but the closet queen is open game.

From long personal experience, I maintain that most of these accusations are invalid. First of all, bisexuality is a reality, not indecision. But more importantly, if we do want the best of both worlds, we also try to give it. We try to please everyone — quite often at the expense of ourselves. By catering to the wants of both sides, we suffer in many ways.

Often the choice to remain in the closet is motivated by a desire (or perhaps a need) not to hurt others. By putting others' needs above our own, we flounder in a selfless world that rewards only with a momentary orgasm. There is no long-term friendship, no love, not even the opportunity to investigate our gayness. We accept the needs of others, establish a role (active or passive, French or Greek) and often remain with it forever. There is little or no spontaneity, affection or camraderie. We buy the magazines, the books, the newspapers. We use the ads and even donate to the cause, hoping in some way that it will help, but it never does. We're usually upfront about not being able to make a commitment. We have sex with the ones you ignore. And we are perhaps more trustworthy because we live on the need to trust.

When a gay man comes out of the closet, he frequently tries to experience every aspect of the subculture right away. I envy you. There are many things I'd like to experience and never will. I'd like to go to a gay beach in skin-tight Speedos and not have to feign anger at lewd reactions from the crowd. I'd like to try being a stripper (I was offered the job once, but didn't dare). I'd like to be a high-class, high-paid call boy for a night. I'd like to be able to reject guys who offer me sex because I've had too much. I'd like to be rejected, too. I'd like to be able to go to the bars, the baths and the porno movies without being utterly terrified of getting raided. I'd like to say "yes" just once when a guy asks me to stay overnight. I'd like to be able to have sex with a guy without having to explain why a "great-lookin' guy" like me has to pay for it. I'd like to be able to go out for a date with another man. I'd like to be able to run a nude picture — or any kind of picture — of myself with this article for the prepositions I might get. I can't.

I'm not saying that closet queens are the most persecuted people in the gay world. Every element has its problems. But the next time you find yourself "stuck with one," instead of feeling cheated, just realize that he might be able to give you the best of his world, however temporarily, if you are willing to share the best of yours with him.



TOM C. MIX

GO, JIMMY, GO: Rockabilly singer Jimmy Mustang is not just some fly-by-night trying to ride on the shirttails of the Stray Cats' big success or the recent rise of the Blasters. Mustang's been on the scene for quite a while, paying his dues. His sold-out club dates attract lots of D.A.'s, pomaded quiffs, fins, pony skirts, bowling shirts, skintight T's and Levi's, Elvis sneers, and plenty of crazy dancing. Since the release of his first album *Jimmy and the Mustangs – Hey Little Girl* (Vanity Records), crowds swoon when he launches into "Bring My Cadillac Back".

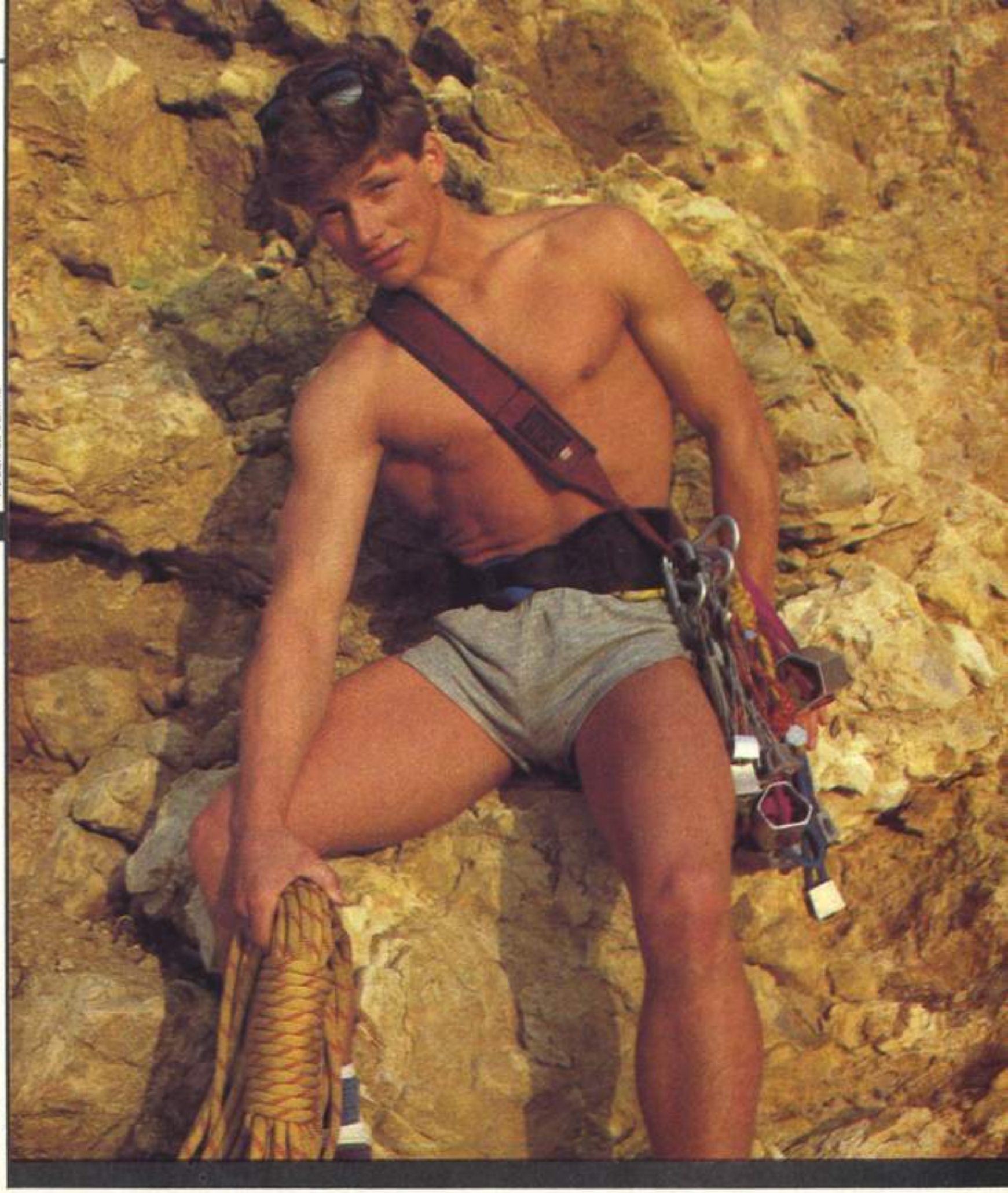
—Tom C. Mix



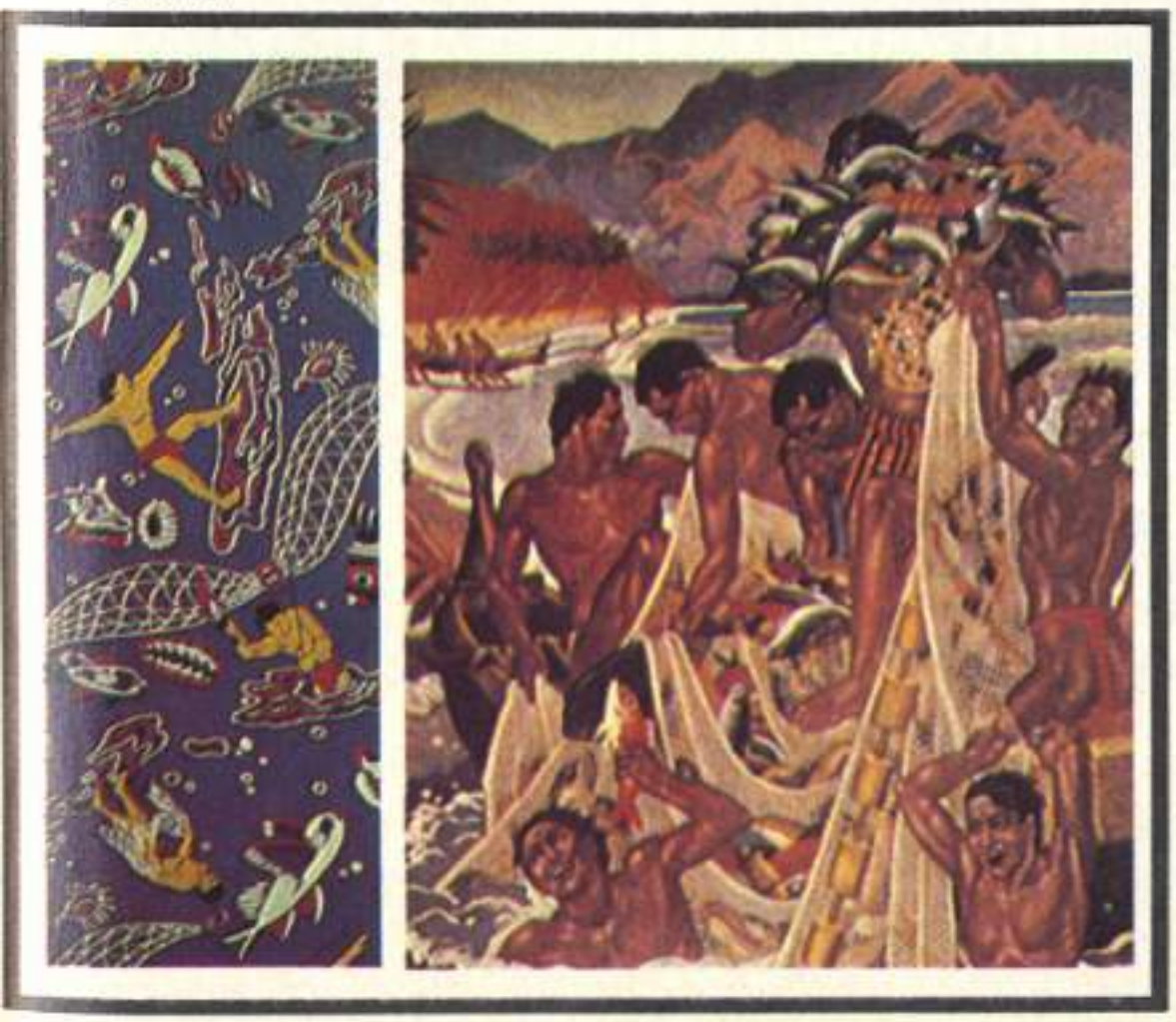
VOULEZ-VOUS COUCHER AVEC UN SAMOURAI CE SOIR?: A big American howdy to a fantastic new gay magazine from France — *Samourai* — which goes right to the top of our fave rave list. There are no centerfold men (and very little nudity in general), but it's big, splashy, sexy and very intelligent. The title (from the Japanese samurai warriors) was selected because "we have chosen the force of images" and because "we are men who have chosen a particular life-style; we are bonded together by a camaraderie somewhat like the samurai of another time." If it all sounds a bit poetic and political, well, it *is*. The first three issues (dating from November 1982) contain fiction by Gore Vidal and Edmund White; art by Mel Odom, Herve Caillon and the photo/airbrush team Pierre Commoy & Gilles Blanchard; photo features on Tarzan, the Gay Olympics and Portuguese beachboys; interviews with filmmakers Paul Morrissey and Serge Gainsbourg; and articles on everything from health and haircuts to prostitutes and phone sex. If you don't know French, you're going to go crazy, because there's lots of intriguing stuff to read here. But the visuals are worth a subscription in themselves. For single copy and subscription rates, write to O.G. Communication (Samourai International Abonnements, Boite Postale 44, 75021 Paris Cedex 01, France). *C'est si bon!*

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, SOLOFLEX: In "Touch & Go" #81, we related the tale of the Soloflex model — all about how we wanted to reprint the ad but the Soloflex people freaked out so we didn't. Well, thanks to the Brefney Press, here he is. His name is Scott Madsen, he's 20 years old, he's 5'8" and 155 pounds, he was a gymnast at University of Wisconsin, and we won't tell you where he lives now. He is also the June calendar boy in *California Fantasies,* which we plugged on page 8 and will plug again on page 34. Do you blame us?

ROGER LE CLAIRE



YAAKA HULA HICKEY DULA!: Here's a sample of the exotic, nostalgic art that fills a beautiful book called *Hawaii Recalls: Selling Romance to America* (Editions Limited, $9.95 paper). Its 134 pages are crammed with full-color photos of memorabilia (1910-1950) ranging from the classic Matson Line menus to postcards, fabrics, sheet music and you-name-it. Its author, DeSoto Brown, supplies a fascinating text, and Anne Ellett and Gary Giemza make it all look like a million bucks. If you've been to Hawaii, this is a must-have. If you haven't, this is the next best thing. Published in Honolulu, *Hawaii Recalls* is now available in a few West Coast shops as well as on the islands. For individual mail-order rates, send S.A.S.E. to Editions Limited (1132 Kapahulu Av., Honolulu, HI 96816); wholesale inquiries should be directed to Randy Fleming of Publishers Group West (5855 Beaudry St., Emeryville, CA 94608).



GAY READING: Ever wonder what would happen if you got famous? Well, for one thing, your relatives might crawl out of the woodwork and write embarrassing intimate biographies about you. Such a fate befalls Truman Capote with the publication of **Truman Capote** (William Morrow, New York, $12.95 hardcover) by his aunt Marie Rudisill (with James Simmons). Capote's family — his strange aunts, playgirl mother, childhood friends and third cousins — makes fascinating reading, a capsule record of the rise of the new South. Someday someone with a more comprehensive, less parochial viewpoint will tell this story with the imagination it deserves. Of course, someone named Truman Capote already has. • **My Brother's Image** by Mark Hamilton (Avon Books, New York, $2.50 paper) is the story of two handsome blue-eyed twins in 18th-century Holland. They were boyfriends once, but as adults they meet a parting of the lifestyles under the reign of the Inquisition, and therein lies our tale. If you want an accurate idea of what it was like to be gay in Amsterdam in 1729, consult your local reference librarian. If, on the other hand, you prefer lusty melodrama, this is your book. • In his thoughtful afterword to the paperback edition of his play **Pines '79** (Gay Play Script Series, The JH Press, P.O. Box 294, Village Station, New York, NY 10014-0294), author Terry Miller notes "that romantic comedy has long been a valid form of fantasy for the heterosexual masses." And a frequently shop-worn and self-indulgent sort of fantasy, he might have added. In *Pines '79,* Miller brings forth every Neil Simon cliché to, as he puts it, provide gays

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"with a well-deserved romantic fantasy" and straights with a "subversive" form of agit-prop. The result is, well, Simon-esque. The story turns on the troubled love affair between Hank, who's afraid of commitment, and Curt, who's afraid of not being committed. The place is Fire Island, the time is 1979, and lest we forget, the author has specified disco hits by name and artist to be played at appropriate times. Between the lover's quarrels there are jokes about sex and drugs. There are some good, gay lines here. These, for the most part, are overwhelmed by the author's adherence to convention, which telegraph every punch line. *Pines '79,* like the disco music that set its rhythym, is already obsolete.

• The art of conversation is not dead. In the **Gay Sunshine Interviews, Vol. II** (Winston Leyland, editor; Gay Sunshine Press, San Francisco, $10.00 paper) the lives of some of the most fascinating men in the world come brilliantly to life. Here is composer Ned Rorem, authors Samuel Steward, Roger Peyrefitte and Edouard Roditi, politician Harry Britt, actor Taylor Mead, poets James Broughton, Jonathan Williams, Thomas Meyer, John Wieners, Mutsuo Takahashi, Robert Peters, Robert Duncan and Kirby Congdon, and playwright Martin Duberman. The interviews are too diverse to characterize here, except to say that they are frank, revealing, personal, intelligent and delightfully opinionated. There's a wealth of anecdotes here, about the subjects and about their friends, from André Gide to Andy Warhol. More importantly, there are lessons here, about art and work and living.

• **The Asbestos Diary** (Coltsfoot Press, Amsterdam-London-New York, paper) by Casimir Dukahz is a remarkable collection of little anecdotes about a very controversial subject: the love of men for boys. Reissued at last (it first appeared in 1966), *The Asbestos Diary* is made of equal parts political manifesto, tall tale and — one is convinced despite the obligatory, frontspiece denial — memoir. Here we meet Luc, 13 ("his was an unhappy childhood that out-Twisted Oliver"), Parris, 14 ("cute as a four-figure tax refund"), Greer, 15 ("A yeasty boy forever rising"), and other boys evil, good, sweet and sly. The writing is blunt, whimsical, a joy. The writer's ethics, from the book's introduction: "The true boysexual is a madman — make no mistake about that — but his is a benign uncertifiable madness symptomised by a gullible romanticism and an impractical sentimentality. He is *not* a sex-maniac, child-rapist or molester of very young children ... The boysexual ordinarily concerns himself with junior-hustlers or lads who are otherwise delinquent or adventurous youths who could easily find far less wholesome contacts..." As for the boys, writes Dukahz, "the fact is there is no such thing as a good boy — normal, healthy, virile lads are, if not bad are not exploiters. (Homophobia, certainly, plays a role in this assumption; *Lolita* was filmed by Hollywood, *The Asbestos Diary* is still underground.) It is, judgements aside, a funny, intelligent, fine bit of writing. • **$tud** (Alyson Publications, Houston, $6.95 paper) is a wry collection of tales starring author-narrator Phil Andros (a pen name for Samuel Steward). In his forward, John Preston writes that Steward "was driven to a serious return to writing by the waffling stance of the narrator in John Rechy's *City of Night.*" Certainly Steward's Phil Andros and Rechy's Johnny Rio have a little in common besides occupation. Rio is morose, Andros cheerful. Rio is almost totally self-absorbed (self-consumed?), Andros more inclined to notice others. Both occupy essentially the same world at the same time — homosexual underground, mid-Twentieth-Century America. Andros, well-adjusted for all his good-natured perversity, comes closer to epitomizing the Gay Everyman than the neurotic Rio. More ambitious than might first be realized, *$tud* plunges straight to the heart of the gay condition circa 1966. In one of these stories, "Ace in the Hole," Andros travels to a large, unnamed Texas town, gets a job as a bellhop, observes the state of race relations in America, has a race relation of his own, and encounters a strange, chinless "punk" named "Harvey Lee or something" who asks him to stash an odd-shaped package under his roominghouse bed. As Andros and his new traveling companion blow town they observe that something seems wrong in the distant motorcade they are watching. Later, on the news, they discover what happened to that motorcade, who "Harvey Lee" was, and what might have been in a strange package. The lesson being, one supposes, that even in Dallas in 1963, there's a lot more to worry about than one black man and one white man sharing the same bed.

— R.D. Rae

FIRST THESE WORDS...

by JOHN BRYANT



ED COLVER

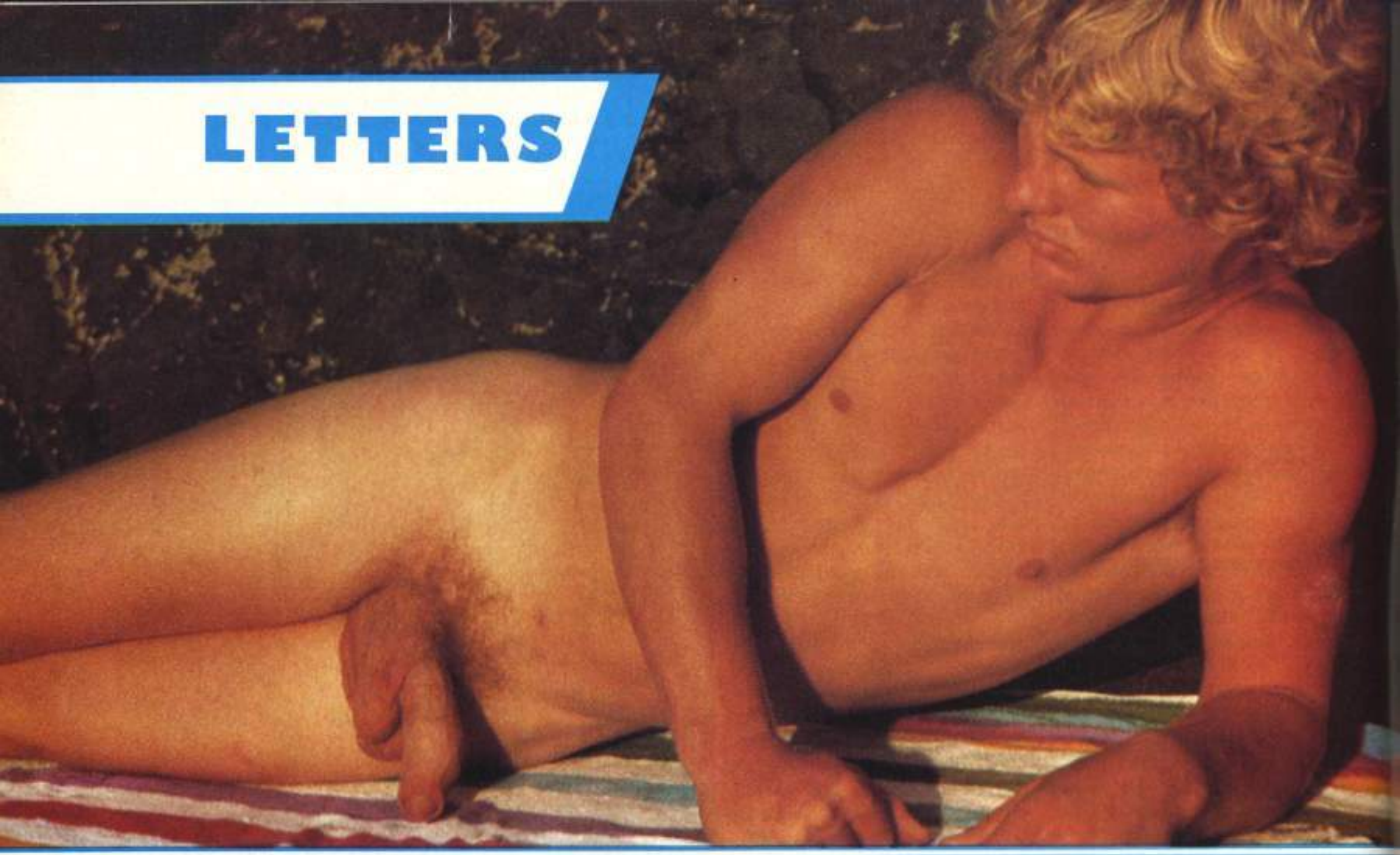
From the horrible depths of an absurd suburb of Los Angeles, an amazingly strong young man burst forth into the Hollywood rock scene. **Rozz Williams** mesmerized his combined punk and artsy following with a genuinely unique sound and image. The transvestite singer/lyricist and his band **Christian Death** promptly recorded one of the finest albums ever to surface from the L.A. street-rock milieu, *Only Theatre of Pain.* The disc was widely featured on all the underground radio shows and became one of the area's best sellers of 1982. The source of Rozz's undeniable strength? Speculation would lead us in interminable circles. Certainly, the more intellectual followers were impressed by his poetry. At the very least, he taps into memories of our parents' attempts at religious instruction. For the actual believers in God and Satan, Rozz's conjurings must be frightening modern heresy. Especially creepy are those compositions in which the Dark One is addressed directly ... by name. We couldn't possibly define the Rozz Williams mystique, except to say that it all seems to be for real. He never breaks character, and this is not a contrived "concept" act. Each listener will undoubtedly feel something quite strong in it.

BURNT OFFERINGS
by Rozz Williams

Fresh night, perfect insanity
Very dark, placid skies bring an end
No moon shining like the untouched
Ass of the boy next door
Feeling the first impressions
Of a strange drug
Set: the leathery skin of a female
Straddling a furnace
Illuminates in blue
Hands melt against its surface
Feel no pain
Kiss the burner, lips fall away
Blood runs down the insides
Of her thighs
She tightens her grip on one last
Exaggerated movement
Then falls to the ground
A pile of ashes
The furnace stands triumphant
Over the mound
The next in line, a young boy
Approaches
He is assaulted by the flames
Shooting out like sharp tongues
Of hungry animals
Of a hungry animal
The discipline now crouches in
The belly of God
The second skin removed
The boy lay sodomized and tired

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LETTERS



BOB WEBB from #80 (photo by Tory Jeffrey)

BEGGING FOR BOB

I'm really happy that most of your recent issues have contained at least one uncircumsized model. Marlo and Lance had been my favorites, but now there's Bob Webb (#80)! Please, will we see more of him in your future issues? If not, where can I get more photos. Please, let me know!! P.S. Thanks for the "Guide to Male Movie Nude Scenes. X.P.S. Please, no more Peter Berlin!

David Kaiser
Westland, MI

The photographer, Tory Jeffrey, doesn't sell mailorder photos, but Bob will appear in an upcoming TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

NUTS FOR NANDO

Bought issue #15 of TOO HOT TO HANDLE about a week ago and have beat off more than a dozen times to the photos of the stud called "Nando"—God, what a hunk. Those wide-set eyes, curly hair, that gorgeous body and perfect cock all make my mouth water. I'd love to rim his asshole and suck his beautiful cock until he started dry-cumming! Has this hunk ever made any movies? Too bad you don't print cum shots—would love to see Nando shooting his cream. If he ever comes to my town, tell him to look me up if he wants the world's best tongue job! Sincerely yours,

Kurt C. Swensen
Washington, D.C.

Although Nando may have done films (possibly under another name), we don't know of any. Perhaps one of our readers can fill us in. We couldn't agree with you more.

DEAR I.T.

A few words up front to say that your magazine is by far the best on the market and I thank you for your honest coverage and hilarious humor. I need your advice, if you're so inclined to give it. My lover and I have been together for two years and we are happy with each other. Wayne works as a waiter in a gay restaurant. He is known by other employees as "Shirley," nicknamed because of his long, blond, very curly hair. The problem is, most know him by nothing else. If I should call him at work and do not ask for Shirley, I won't get to talk to him. They say, "No one named Wayne works here" or "I don't know him." I have to ask for Shirley or Miss Shirl Thing. This pisses me off. My lover is a man and not a Miss anything. I realize that the term "Miss" is common camp for our culture, but I don't like having to refer to Wayne as that. Am I an asshole for not playing along with this tired old joke? Thanks!

Phil Smith
Dallas, TX

Let's face it—the moment this issue hits the stands, everybody at that restaurant will know about you, your lover, and your problem. With this in mind, perhaps the other employees will go to the trouble of learning Wayne's real name. Ultimately, Wayne should make the decision, hopefully with your feelings in mind. This isn't worth breaking up a relationship over. If he really, really likes the "she" talk, you might as well put up with it. If he doesn't care one way or the other – or if he prefers his real name – now is the perfect time for him to say so. Personally, if this really bugs you (or hurts you), we think Wayne should become Wayne, reserving the name Shirley only for occasional use. It might also be fun for you guys to run this question past Ann Landers



NANDO from #67 (photo by D.J. Garrett)

or Dear Abby, both of whom love this sort of "modern" problem. Their opinions might be worthless in this case – but it would make very interesting reading. However you resolve the situation, you and Wayne are never going to hear the end of this.

TAB HUNTER

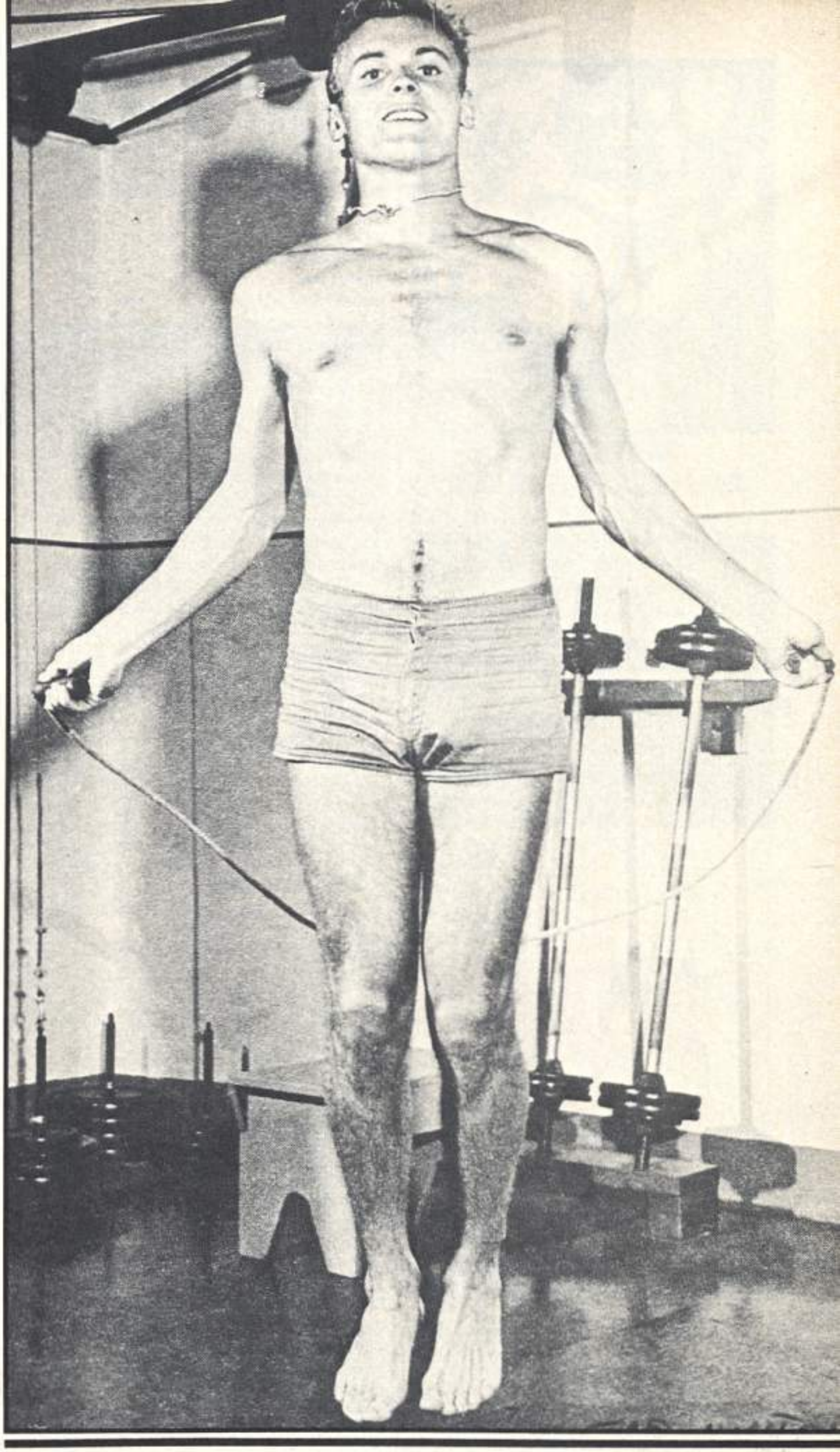
I would like to know if IN TOUCH has ever done a nostalgic-type biography on my "main man," Tab Hunter... I know most of your readers are much too young to remember him. But in the Fifties and Sixties, he was possibly the most gorgeous man in the world, truly a "babe"! I saw him on TV this morning and he looks, at 51, almost as beautiful as he did 30 years ago. Is there any truth to the rumor that Tab is gay? I have heard from good sources that he is closeted. I'm 20 years younger than Tab and I would give anything to get into his pants! Or maybe just settle for a date, for starters. Sincerely,

Marc
Las Vegas, NV

We did a big feature on Tab Hunter way back in #20 (now out of print), which went into his career but not his sex life. Nevertheless, the fact that he gave an exclusive interview to a gay skin magazine in 1975 might be considered a bit of a clue. Another clue: he did a love scene with Divine in John Waters' recent Polyester. *There are also some nice shots of him in #51, #58, #68 and right here. More to come.*

KISSIN' COUSINS

I live in a small prairie town in Saskatchewan, Canada. While on vacation in the province of Alberta I was at a newsstand looking for some reading material and came across issue #78 of IN TOUCH. About a week later I came across issue #79. I must say that I am most impressed with the quality of your magazine. I have previously purchased issues of other gay magazines but they don't even come close to your magazine. Your choice of nudes is just fantastic. I especially enjoyed Danny, Wink, Marlo and Christopher James. Your photos of Smitty are a real turn on. It was also a great photo of Leif Garrett, although not nude. I've been wanting to see his cock and balls since he was fourteen. Your short fiction story "Truckin'" brought back some great memories. When I was fourteen my uncle and family came from England to visit us for the summer. Their oldest son was thirteen at the time. My bedroom was in the basement so we brought in another bed for my cousin John. It must have taken us two or three days to get to know each other. The next day was a hot summer day and we were out playing football and came home late. We had a snack and headed for the bedroom in the basement. Mom yelled at us and told us to make sure we changed clothes and showered before we went to bed. I went into the bathroom and had stripped down to my shorts when my cousin came in and started to undress. I asked him what he thought he was doing and he said "Let's shower together; my friends and myself do it together at home all the time.



TAB HUNTER DAN PATTARSON COLLECTION

As I had never done this with a guy before I was reluctant but before I knew it we were both nude and in the shower. We showered and teased each other for a few minutes, then wrapped a towel around us and headed for the bedroom. As soon as we got in the bedroom John dropped his towel and I could see he had a hard-on on his uncut cock. I stood there and stared at his erect cock. He then pulled my towel off which disclosed my hard dick. Almost spontaneously he reached for my cock and I reached for his. He then said, "Have you ever been fucked," and before I could answer he was sucking my

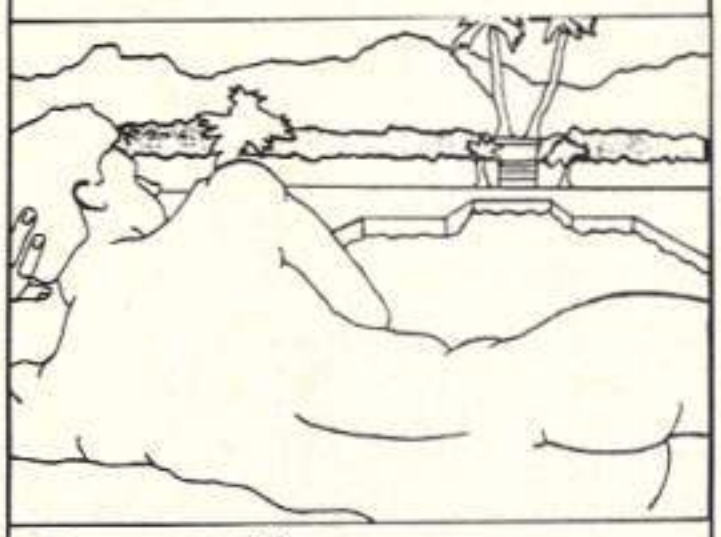


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cock. Then before I knew it his dick was penetrating my ass. This was my first real sexual experience but I was quick to learn and had soon reciprocated. From that night on we did not require the extra bed as we slept together all summer. During the summer vacation we both had our birthdays and you can guess what our present to each other was. I know one thing for sure, that summer we became more than kissing cousins. Once again I want to thank you for the two great issues of IN TOUCH. I already feel cheated that your magazine is not available in the area where I live. I would like to subscribe but when you live in a small town you just don't admit you are gay and I am sure the Postmaster knows where every piece of mail comes from. I have thought of renting a postal box in a larger centre as I would like to subscribe, order some back issues and library editions together with some video tapes from some of your advertisers. I can only assume that due to our censorship laws customs would block any of this material coming into Canada. As Americans consider yourselves lucky you don't have a government to tell you what you can read and see. Yours truly,

Larry
Saskatchewan, Canada

Actually, the Adult Library editions and our advertisers' video tapes can usually be sent to Canada with no problem. We hope you'll get that p.o. box, and we hope to hear from you again. Thanks for sharing that juicy story.

SWINGING SINGLE

I know of a couple of places where there is a rope swing which swings way out over a river. On a nice hot day if no one is around, I'll strip naked and go off the swing. Believe me, this is a lot of fun. It's very sexual and erotic to grab hold of the rope and feel yourself gliding over the river naked and, when the rope reaches the farthest part of its arc, to let yourself plunge down into the water. It's also twice the fun to ride the swing with another hunk, who is also naked…I've seen lots of cute guys go nude, but alas, it was always at night. This summer I want to do something new—climax as I'm swinging out over the water.

D.R.
Grand Rapids, MI

We've spent some time on and in the Grand and St. Joseph Rivers, and we found that if you can get a couple of buddies to strip down with you in the daytime, lots of other people will follow suit. Send photos!

MALEWATCH II

I liked Carl Davis' comments under the heading "Malewatch" (issue #81) very much. I think the bad one in *Wizards and Warriors* he was referring to is Duncan Reaghr. Let's not overlook Jay Kerr, either, in the same series. What a shame it was cancelled, even if it was a little "far out." In the same vein, let's not overlook Doug Barr of *The Fall Guy*, Jameson Parker of *Simon & Simon*, Bruce

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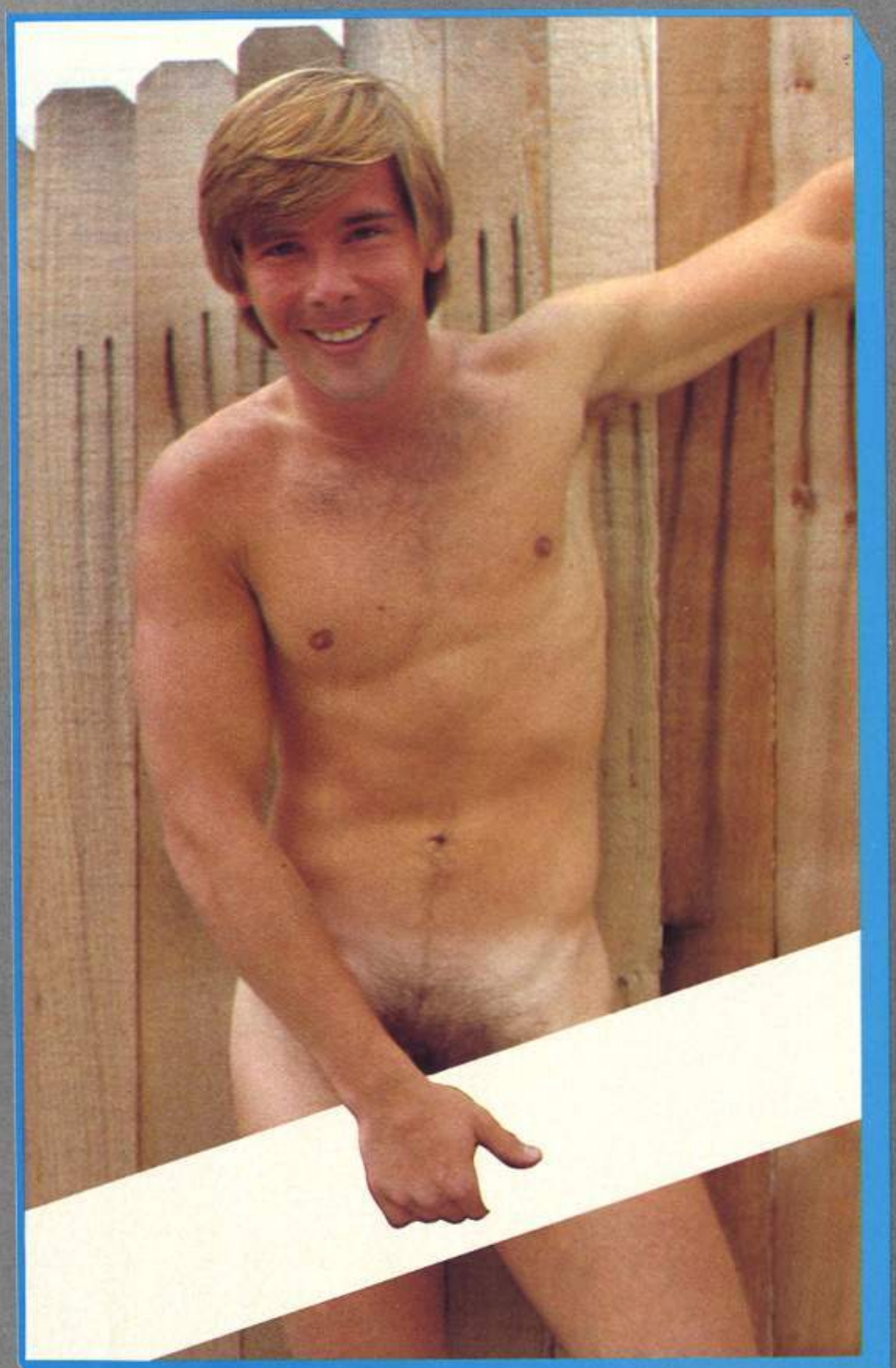
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Boxleitner of *Bring 'Em Back Alive,* and Dirk Benedict of *A-Team*. All are hunks to be sure, and of course there are many others. Suffice it to say TV offers us some fantastic male pulchritude to feast our eyes on. P.S. IN TOUCH is just great — keep it up. Most sincerely,

Ken Minier
Manteca, CA

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN "LITTLE MEN" AND "MOBY-DICK"

I realize that IN TOUCH is not a post office, but I feel compelled to write in response to a letter from a Fort Frances man (in #76) and have no other way of reaching him. I would like to assure the man that he is not the only gay or bisexual man in town, and that if he is looking for male action, there are many of us who would be pleased to satisfy him. So if he's looking for some man-to-man fun, a favourite meeting place in our small town is the town library.

Name withheld
Fort Frances, Ontario
Canada

TEEN BEAT

This year I'm a high school senior, very soon to be 18. I'm into cars, sports, and the beach, and have done fairly well at school. I'm pretty well known in this little beach city; I have a good reputation as trustworthy, hardworking; and I've been told I have a lot going for me. All this sounds great, but I'm being torn up inside. I realized I was different when I was 15, and it's been nearly hell for the past three years. I have enough girls to keep anyone else happy, but I don't really want them. What I want, I can't find, and I wouldn't know what to do if I did find it. I've been around this country and Canada twice, but no luck. Sure, I was with a few friends, but I broke off and wandered a lot by myself, even in San Francisco. I never got to Castro Street or Greenwich Village, but I thought "we" were everywhere. Thanks, guys! Maybe when I'm 18 I can *really* go hunting. Here at home, I'm expected to conform. I can't be different. People expect me to work hard, go to Princeton, get a job as a corporate executive, and live happily ever after. That's great, but how about *living?* You (I.T.) have been my greatest help. You remind me that there *is* life out there and people are in it, having fun, doing what they want. I don't know how to thank you guys; you're #1, but unfortunately, I very rarely get to see you. My car is very conspicuous in a little town like this, and the only adult bookstores are in pretty bad spots, in the middle of town next to the city hall. Keep up the good work and thanks!

Rick
Cocoa Beach, FL

Sounds familiar, Rick. The pressures of conformity (especially in a small town) can be almost unbearable during the last few years of high school—when you consider yourself grown up, but your parents and townspeople do not. Fortunately, going off to college will solve that problem almost

CORAL SANDS
HOLLYWOOD

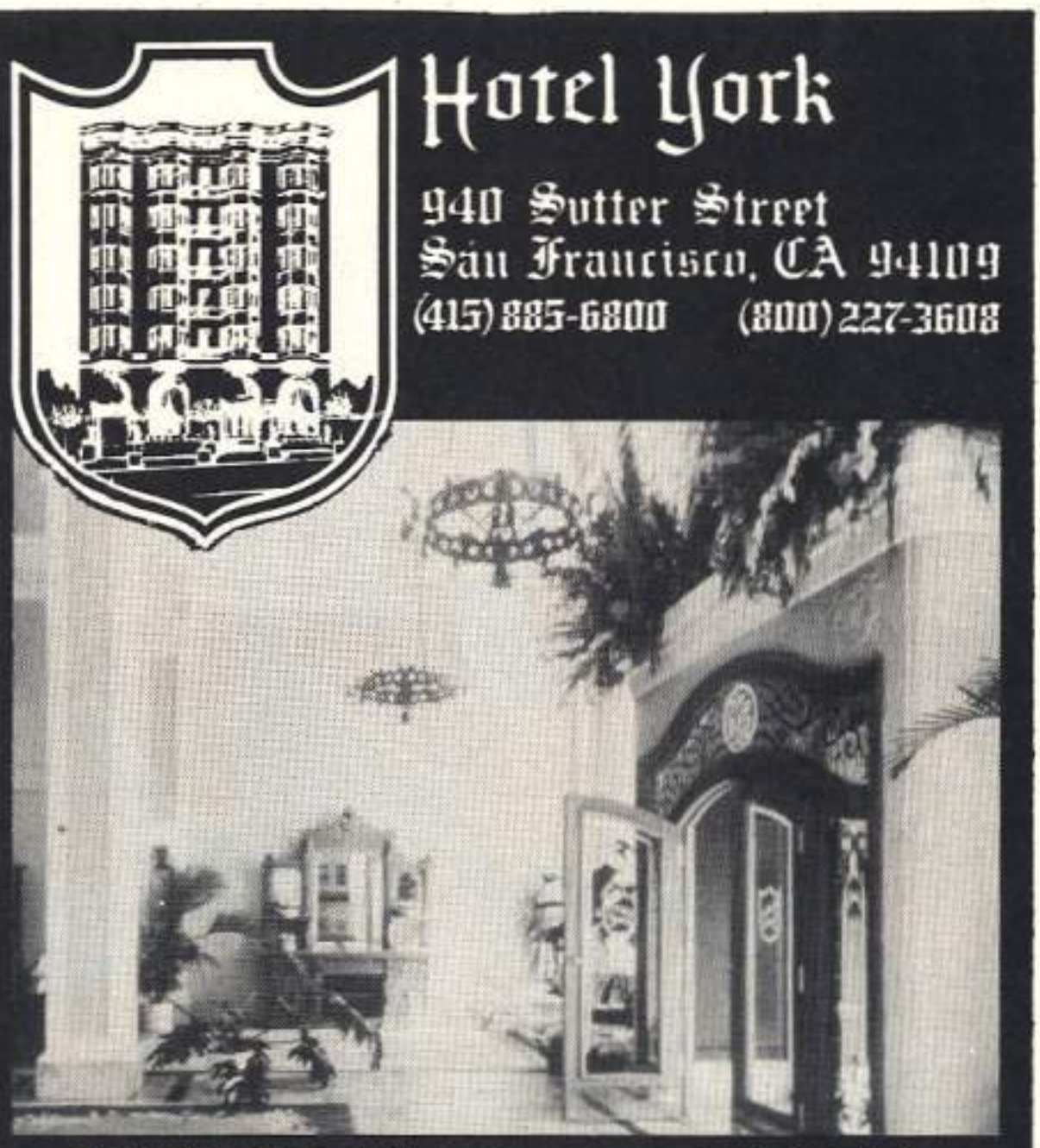


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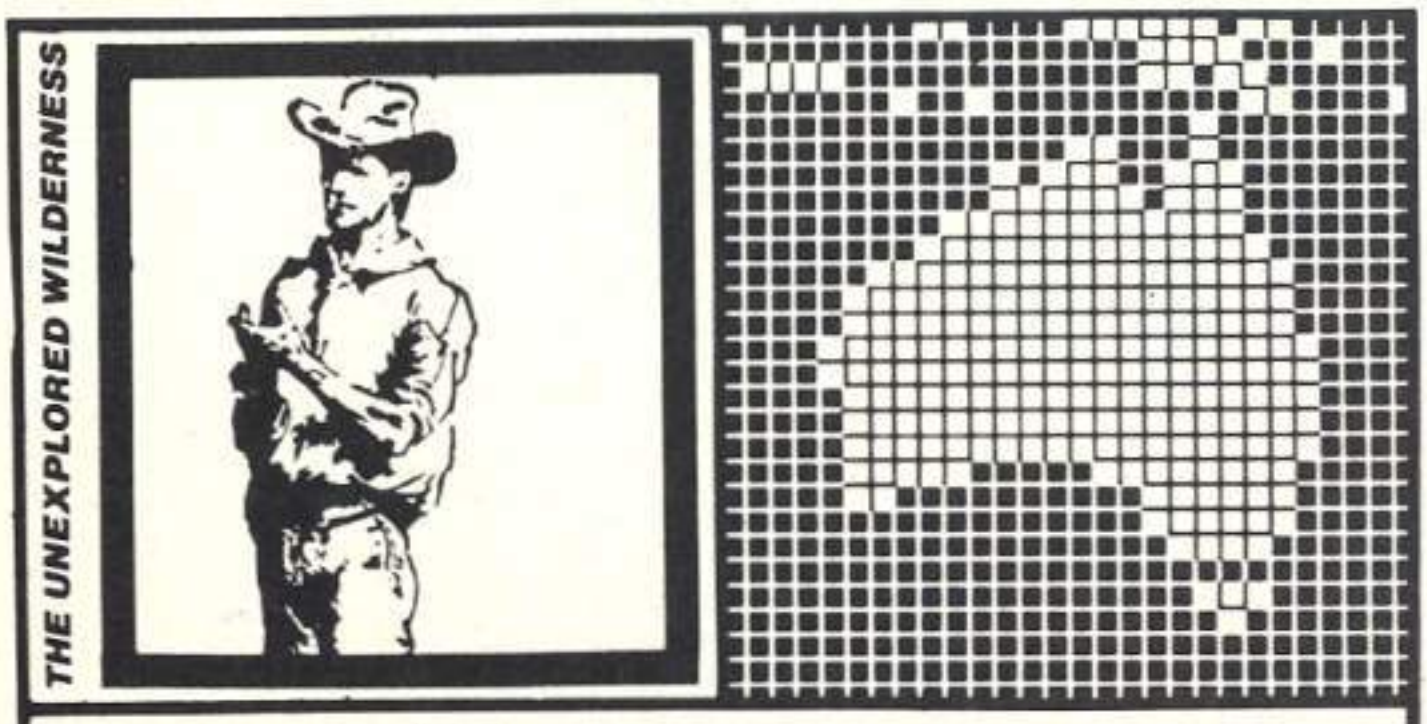
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instantaneously, and if you end up going to Princeton, you certainly won't have any trouble finding boyfriends, lovers and plenty of action. In the meantime, you might just have to be patient—senior year might be the longest year of your life—but at least you know that escape is inevitable. Once you get into college, by the way, don't hestitate to follow your own academic interests. Don't become a business executive just because of parental pressure. Once you get out on your own, you'd be amazed how much rebellion a caring parent will put up with. The editor comes from a long line of Iowa Republican churchgoers who may not exactly approve of his current line of work but are still loving and supportive. Meanwhile, maybe we can find you a high school penpal who's in the same situation. You can keep each other sane until graduation.

GYM INSTRUCTOR

I have a question about the man whose picture you show from the neck down in "How to Pick Up a Gym Instructor" (#79). Who is he? Where can I see more of him? How old is he? Where does he live? What does he do? I love I.T. and anxiously await your every issue. Too bad you're not daily like the newspaper. Love & kisses,

Steve
Cohasset, MA

If the mystery model wanted you to know his identity, he would've shown his face in the photos. Photographer Bill Bernardo says, "Tell 'em she died of AIDS!" (Just kidding!) Our lips are sealed.

MARK HARMON / LUKE HALPIN

As a regular reader of your magazine, I was thrilled to find in issue #79 a picture of that incredibly handsome hunk, Mark Harmon. He's the sexiest and handsomest man in the world as that picture of him in his softball uniform clearly shows ... He is my ultimate fantasy. His natural, confident masculinity is so much more appealing than the strained macho of Selleck, Gere, and the others. Fully clothed, he burns up the screen, and when he shows off that rugged body with those hairy shoulders — wow! Please, please, include Mark Harmon often in the future ... and how about some shots of him stripped so we can see that raunchy body? Maybe you can find out about his sex life. Everything I've read about him indicates he's super-straight, damn it ... Also pertaining to #79: The guy who gets the hots watching reruns of *Flipper* might like to know that Luke Halpin has played small parts in several movies filmed in Florida in the past few years and that he had one of the leads in *Shock Waves*, a 1977 film starring Peter Cushing. Halpin in his cut-offs is still a hot number ... Appreciatively,

A Satisfied Reader
Montgomery, AL

We've never heard rumors about Mark Harmon, but there are plenty of gay actors

(continued on page 72)

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High School Jocks Grow Up

Do they ever! When our friends at Brefney Press brought in their 1984 *California Fantasies* calendar (see "Touch & Go"), we noticed that most of the models were former high school athletes. That's not *all* we noticed, but it certainly gave us an excuse to put together this collection of beautiful jocks (in exclusive shots which do not appear in the finished calendar). The thought of sharing a shower with these guys could send any red-blooded IN TOUCH reader back to high school. But fortunately for us, these guys are now over eighteen — ripe and ready. Thank heaven for high school gyms, where, obviously, these little boys got bigger every day. IT

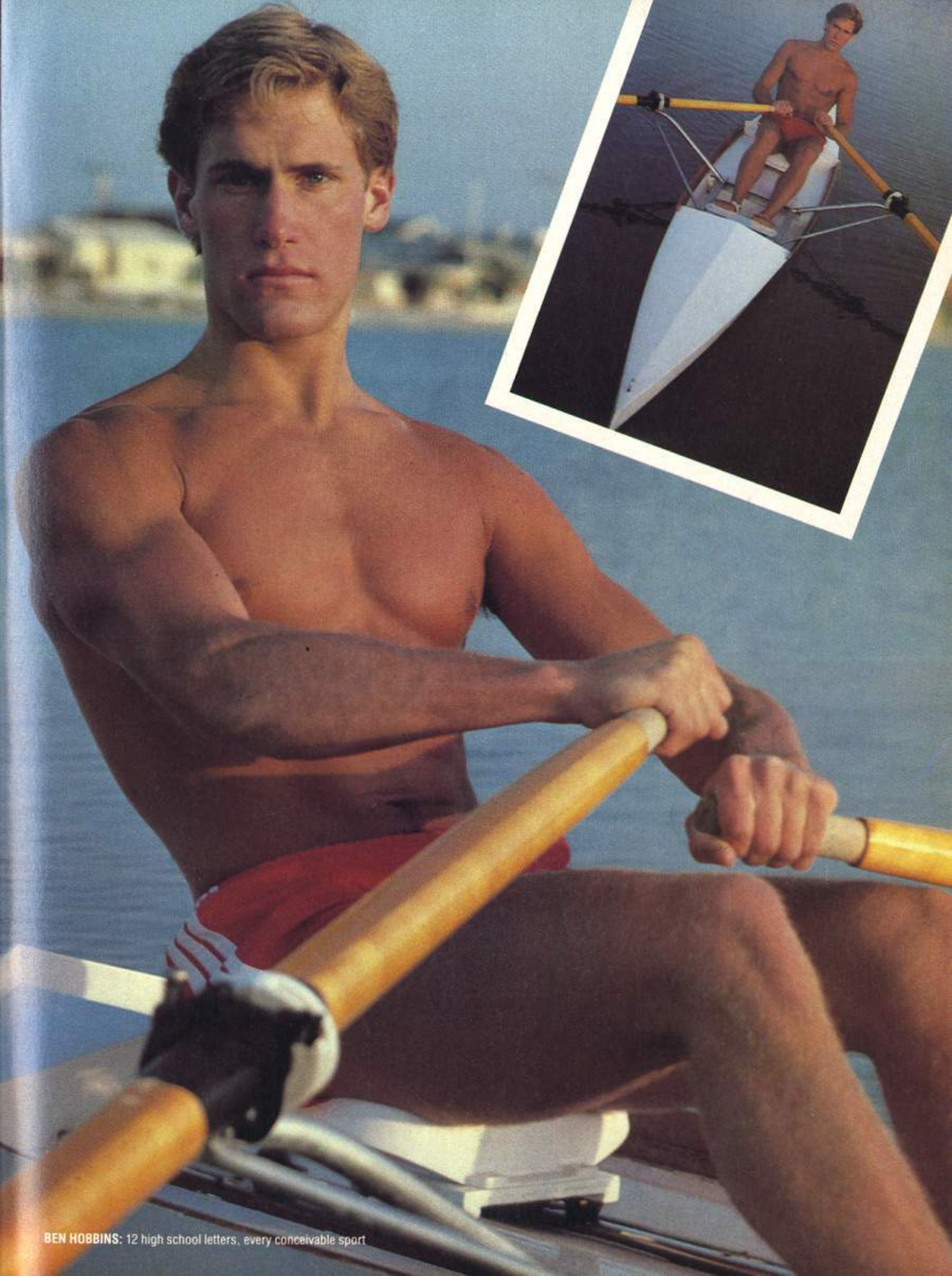


PHOTOS BY ROGER LE CLAIRE

MARK MUSSER: swimming, outrigger canoeing

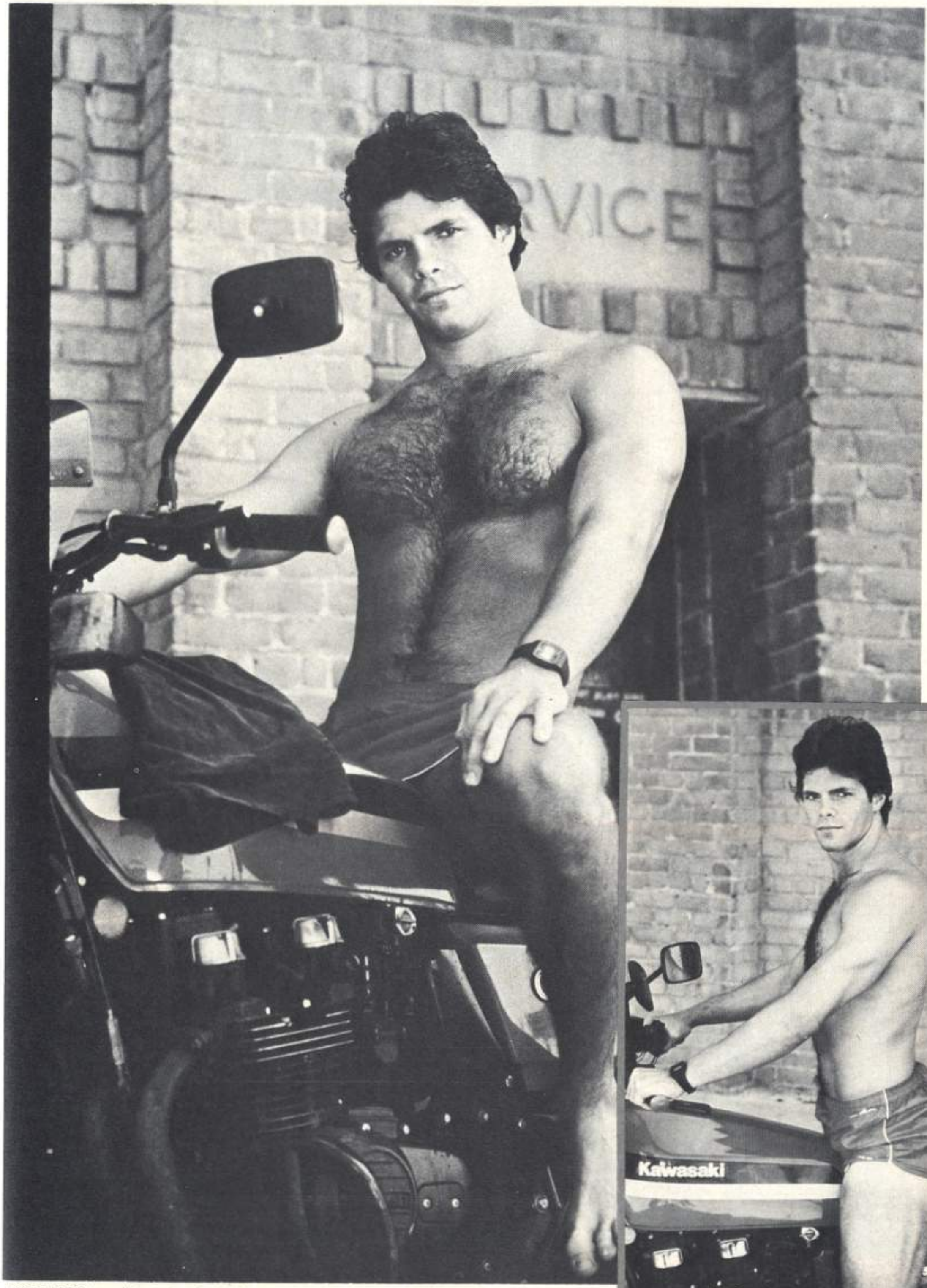
RICK DUBOIS: skindiving, football, track

KEN FOSS: water polo, swimming



BEN HOBBINS: 12 high school letters, every conceivable sport

SCOTT PETERSON: football, basketball



MIKE JEPPSON: martial arts, boxing, rugby

Ivy League Men

PHOTOS BY JAMES DONALD
ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICKY HOLDEN

College life is a major source for sexual fantasies, partly because of the notorious horniness of men that age and partly because of the abundance of all-male situations — the dorms, the frat houses, the gym showers and lockerrooms, the library johns — all populated exclusively by the proverbial Big Men On Campus. Although our report on dorm life (page 36) takes place at the University of Southern California, its content is universal: where there's a campus, there's cocksucking. Meanwhile on the East Coast, our Ivy League spies put together this tantalizing portfolio of men at Harvard, Yale and Johns Hopkins (located, respectively, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, New Haven, Connecticut, and Baltimore, Maryland). We rate these photographs *magna cum laude*.

Photographer James Donald is a native of Birmingham, Michigan, who received his bachelors degree from Princeton University and went on to earn a PhD in biology at Harvard. During his post-graduate studies, he became interested in photography as a hobby, which resulted in the photos seen here. He exhibited his black-and-white "Harvard Blasphemy" series at New York's Leslie/Lohman Gallery in 1982; his color photos are available as greeting cards from T.N.T. Designs. Mr. Donald currently works as an evolutionary biologist in Cambridge.

Ricky Holden, who photographed the river raft race on page 33, graduated with honors from Harvard's school of economics. He currently has a graphic design studio in Boston and enjoys photography as a sideline.



HARVARD: men in showers



YALE: war memorial statue (which students frequently paint as an ejaculating cock)



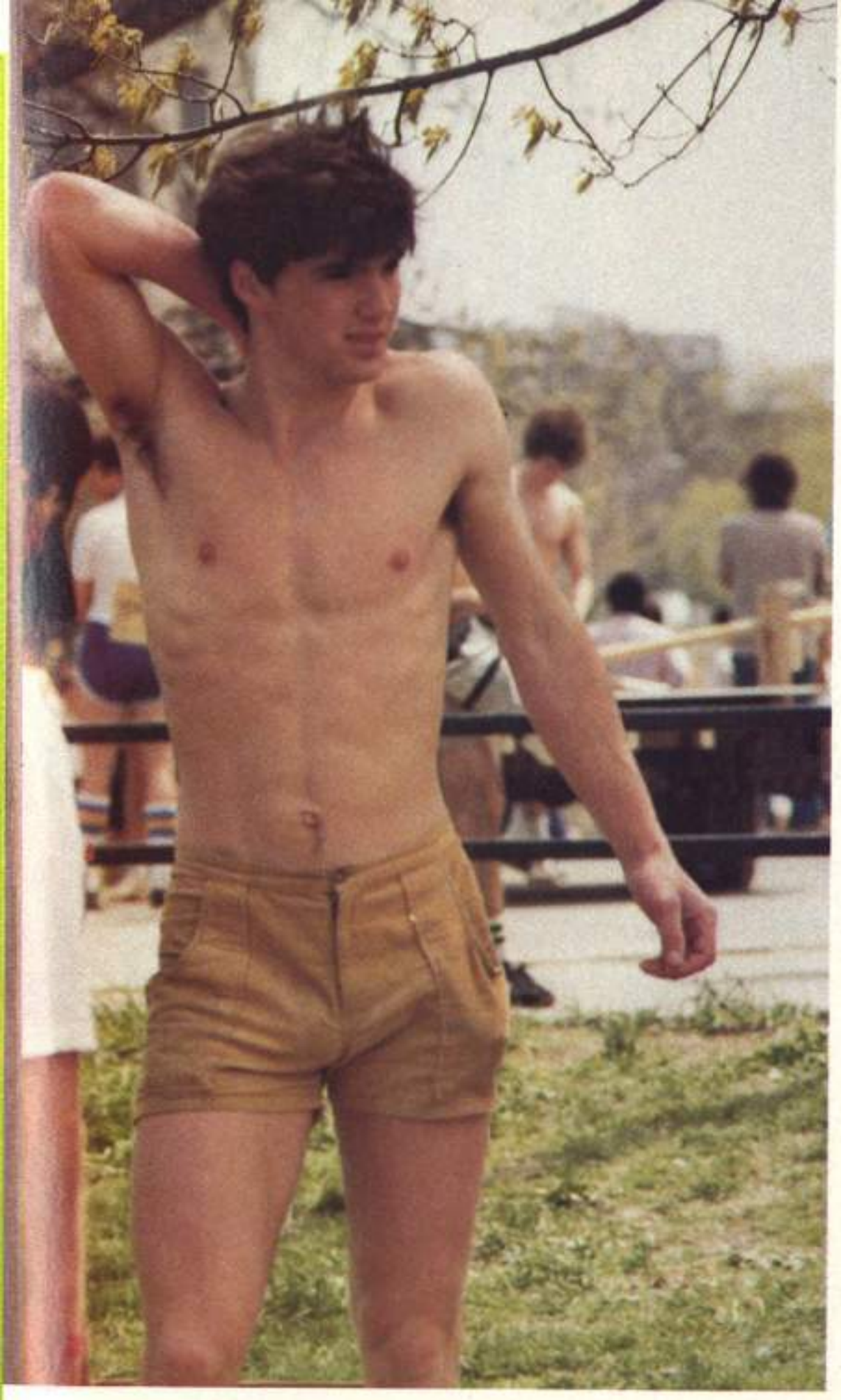
HARVARD: window in Mather House

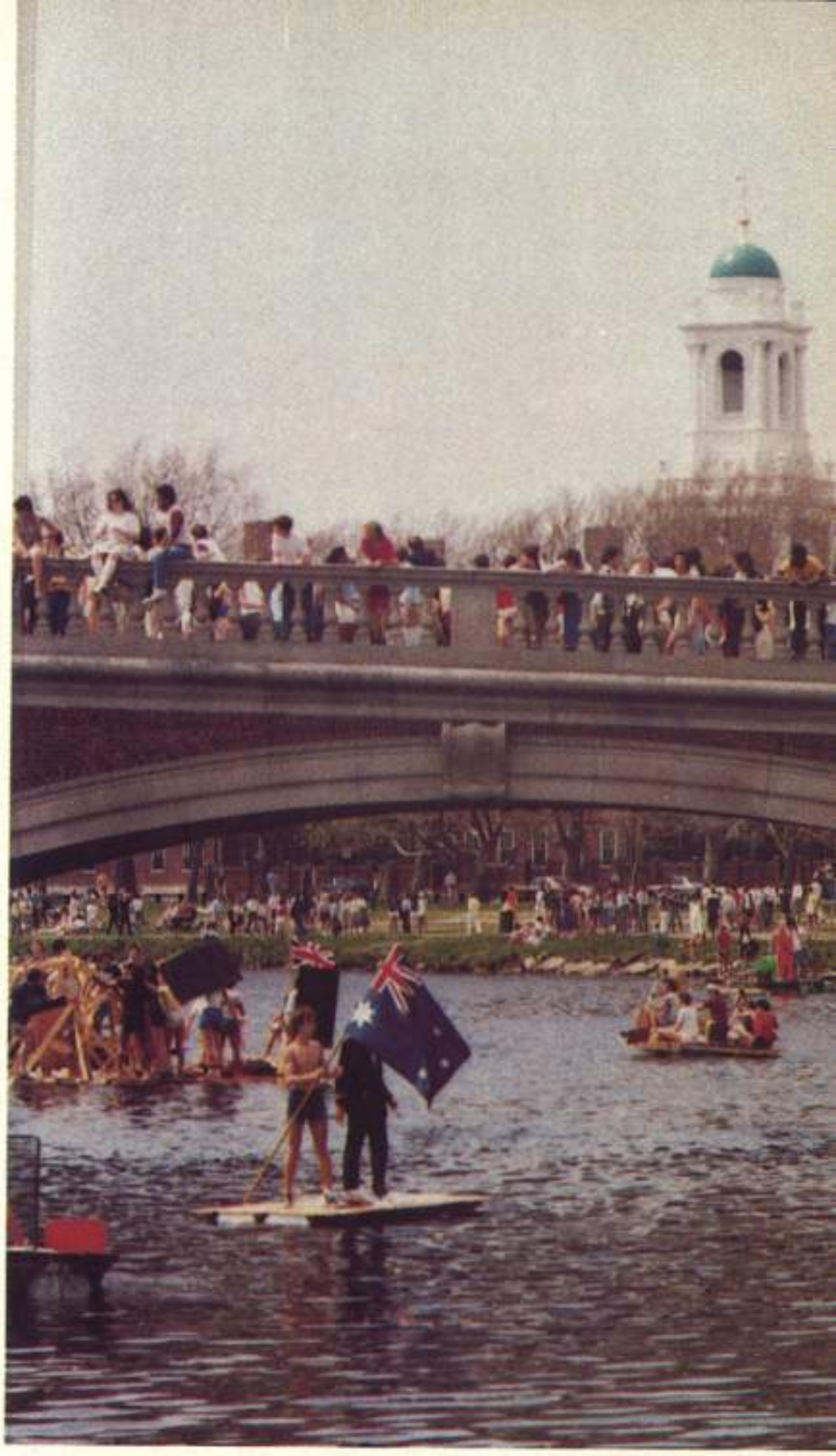


HARVARD: dormitory laundry room



HARVARD: Blodgett Pool lockerroom

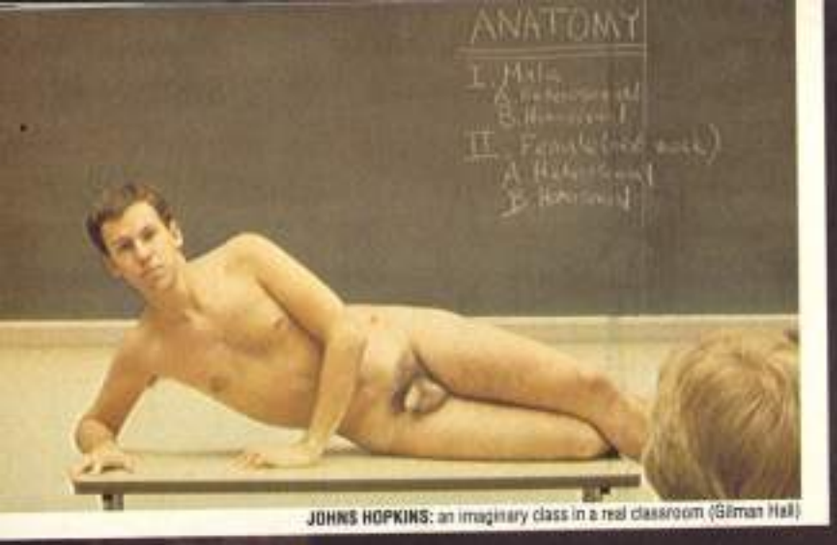








HARVARD: egg-slinger at the annual raft race on the Charles River



JOHNS HOPKINS: an imaginary class in a real classroom (Gilman Hall)



Author Phillip Brents



Statue in Exposition Park



Mens room in Birnkrant Hall



Doheny Library



Typical dorm-room door in Trojan Hall

Life in the Dorms

BY PHILLIP BRENTS

The insanity of dorm life at USC brought me face to face with reality. After growing up in a Walt Disney world of ultraconservative blandness, I suddenly found myself confronted with a life filled with booze, drugs and sex. It threw me for a loop at first, to say the least—total culture shock.

When I first arrived at the University of Southern California's Los Angeles campus in September, 1976, I was so innocent and naive that it was downright embarrassing. Like most teenagers from the suburbs, I was totally in the dark as far as homosexuality was concerned. How did two guys make it together? Was it even physically possible? Didn't it hurt? I didn't know.

Afraid of rejection (just how do you go up to some guy and tell him you want to lick his balls?), I had to rely solely upon imagination and my right hand during those first few weeks of school. Blond Davey in his tight Speedos. Big beautiful Roger in a stunning red jockstrap.





Handsome little Joey in nothing at all. In my mind, I had them all. Of course, after my first lay, a whole new exciting universe opened up before my eyes.

Life in the USC dorms could only be described as "bizarre." Faber College in *Animal House* was a kiddie playground compared to Southern Cal. It was one huge Trojan freak-out—from guys walking nude on the roof of Birnkrant Hall to celebrate the first day of spring to freshman assholes burning their Chem 105 books after finals.

Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll flowed freely among the Trojan schoolboys. Everybody loved trying to see who could play their stereo the loudest, the longest. Ear-blasting medleys from Cheap Trick, Foreigner, the Rolling Stones, and Led Zeppelin echoed down the narrow dorm halls amid rowdy Frisbee and floor-hockey games. And when the guys on the upper floors of Marks Tower got it really cranked up, the wailing voices of Mick Jagger and Al Stewart could be heard for a couple of blocks up and down Figueroa Street.

The dorm parties were really something else! It seemed as if all the space cadets came out of the woodwork for party night at USC. The guys at Trojan Hall may not have been the brightest in the world, but, man, did they know how to party!

A live rock band would jam away in the South Complex courtyard while everybody just sort of mingled. It didn't matter what your sexual preference was. A straight guy could let it all hang out (literally) and feel perfectly free to flirt like hell with other male floormates—or even cruise one of us gay cats if he felt particularly daring. It wouldn't dent his masculinity one bit. Hell, we "fairies" probably saw more action in the bushes than all those sex-crazed chicks who came over from EVK-Harris!

By the time the last female coed cleared out—around eleven—things really began to heat up in the dorms. Guys were toking in the halls, snorting and shooting in the privacy of their rooms, or ass-fucking each other behind closed doors. Or all of the above! Sometimes the pot smoke was so thick that you could barely see a couple of feet down the hall. Every now and then some guy would come staggering down first-floor Trojan, yelling at all us faggots to stop butt-fucking. The hell we would!

Everyone was totally blasted. The spoiled brats from back East had a field day smashing light fixtures and soaking the hall carpet with an endless barrage of water balloon fights. They seemed to major in destruction and vandalism, specializing in setting off fire alarms at one in the morning and spray-painting themselves and other assorted objects with an interesting mixture of toothpaste and shaving cream. The following morning the halls would be littered with pizza rinds, empty beer bottles, and the usual tattered streamers of wet toilet paper. But what would dorm life be without them?

Some of their childish pranks could be quite original. Like tying both ends of a rope around the doorknobs of two opposing hall doors in the middle of the night. You should have heard the guys locked inside screaming their lungs out the next morning. Now that was hilarious! But at other times the humor just wasn't there...like when those "circle-jerks" had the audacity to start a fire in some guy's wastepaper basket just so they could play fireman and save the day, inflating the emergency fire hose and dousing everything in sight. First-floor Trojan was a mess! Still, it was hard not to have a little admiration for their energetic zeal and outrageous wit. Living life to the fullest was their motto, and they almost did. I loved 'em all. Especially one lame-brained kid.

Jeff had given me an instant rise in the showers my first week at Trojan, and even though I wasn't in the habit of fucking straight boys (not on a regular basis anyway), I thought that I'd make an exception for him. God, was he hung!

To make a long story short, I ran into big Jeff one Friday night coming back from the john. It turned out that he had just returned from a late lab session with a hard dick but couldn't find any chick available at that hour to take care of it. Seeing the perfect opportunity to score, I casually invited him back to my room for some vodka and a couple of joints. He was somewhat hesitant at first—until he found out that my roommate had conveniently left early for a weekend in San Francisco. We would be quite alone together. Foxy Jeff knew I was gay, so I assumed his willingness to accompany me back to my dorm room meant that he was more than just a little curious to experiment.

Between the Aerosmith blasting from my stereo, the pot, and the booze, it didn't take me long to get Jeff into the mood. It seemed like the more he got wasted, the more he talked about getting snatch (his way of letting me know that he was beginning to get turned on). I knew that my moment of truth was just an erection away. A few more swigs and he would be thoroughly smashed.

At first, Jeff was content to simply let me stroke the soft strands of his light brown hair. After a few minutes of gentle touching, I simply took the initiative and kissed him smack on the lips. To my surprise, he quite unexpectedly ripped off his Nike T-shirt and flung it across the room. Words were unnecessary. That drunken, ear-to-ear grin said it all. I promptly jumped up, locked the door, and tore off my clothes without another moment's hestitation. Jeff was clearly there for the taking, and I was more than willing to comply.

By the time I finally got Jeff undressed, he had begun to periodically lapse in and out of semiconsciousness. I wasted little time in laying claim to my prize. My hands were all over him in an instant—squeezing, probing, and caressing every conceivable inch of his slender, naked body. Loaded as he was, my loving fingers still managed to bring him close to climax. So far my game plan had worked to perfection, and I wasn't about to blow it now. Just a few more gentle tongue twirls and Jeff would be all mine.

After stroking myself into a hard-on, I rolled him over onto his tummy to be mounted. The sight of those powerful butt muscles sent shivers of lust up mybody. I made sure there would be no resistance by carefully binding Jeff's hands and feet to the bedposts. On top of my prisoner of love at last, I slowly forced my way into the tight, almost unwilling ass. The absence of lubricant must have been sheer hell for Jeff. Luckily for him, he was nearly out cold.

Jeff didn't say much the following morning while dressing, except that his head hurt, his ass felt a little funny, and thanks for letting him sleep it off away from the other guys. I don't know exactly how much Jeff remembers of the night before, but I hoped he would have total recall someday right in the middle of an important physics exam.

Hardly anyone ever got up before noon on the weekends at Trojan. When they did, it was usually back to the booze to drown out their tremendous hangovers. Everybody was totally knocked out. (Who wouldn't be after devouring a Tommy's greaseburger at two in the morning?) It was great sleeping in anyhow, no matter what the circumstances. Just lying back in your cozy bed and taking in Cheap Trick's "Surrender" blasting from some open window in the South Complex: "Mommy's all right, daddy's all right; they just seem a little weird!" Now that was the life!

There was more action on the USC campus



than on the Strip on a hot summer night! The question was not who was doing it, but who wasn't. I remember once walking in on two guys cocksucking in the men's room just across from the Cinema 190 lecture hall in the north wing of Founders Hall. The kid doing the blowing had hair halfway down to his ass and looked queer as hell. Earrings. Makeup. The whole bit. I just couldn't believe it. I expected both to run like scared dogs caught in the act. But they just looked at me for a moment and went back to their business. I looked at them. Took a quick piss. Another look at the half-finished blow-job. And then left. It was great! Hell, there was almost as much action in that small restroom as there was down in the subterranean recesses of nearby Doheny Library. (*That* notorious john has since been permanently locked up.)

Marks Tower was trick city. You could get your cock sucked there any day of the week for twenty bucks. The gay hustlers in the South Complex didn't go for any kidding or Greek action, though. For that you had to pay a little more—maybe fifty bucks—and take your chances among the stacks on the lower couple of floors over at Doheny across the street. Cocksucking in the stalls on first-floor Trojan was also quite popular. And every now and then some teenager street whore from West Hollywood would make a guest appearance at an off-campus party as the featured entertainment. The hustlers generally charged two hundred bucks for an all-night gang bang.

With Trojan football in the Coliseum on Saturday afternoons, the pro game on television on Sunday mornings, and *Star Trek* in the evenings (the interstellar voyages of the Starship Enterprise were an integral part of the collegiate experience at USC), the dining halls were rarely full on the weekends, which produced some very interesting moments indeed! Juicy tidbits of gossip—previously drowned out by several hundred jabbering voices—could now be heard quite distinctly. I remember sitting in Birnkrant once eating breakfast and overhearing two chicks talking about a frat dare during rush week. It seems that a bunch of freshman pledges had to strip absolutely nude, climb up on a second-story fire escape at one of the girls dorms, and then walk past the open windows in all their naked glory. One of the coeds supposedly tried to boynap one of the frat rats as he scurried past her lighted window.

Other frat dares were equally wild. How about sticking your cock into a light socket? Or getting screwed by all the frat members in a "straight" gang bang? (When straight brothers fuck each other, it's considered kinky. But when one of them is gay, it suddenly becomes "gross" and "degenerate.") Boys will be boys...

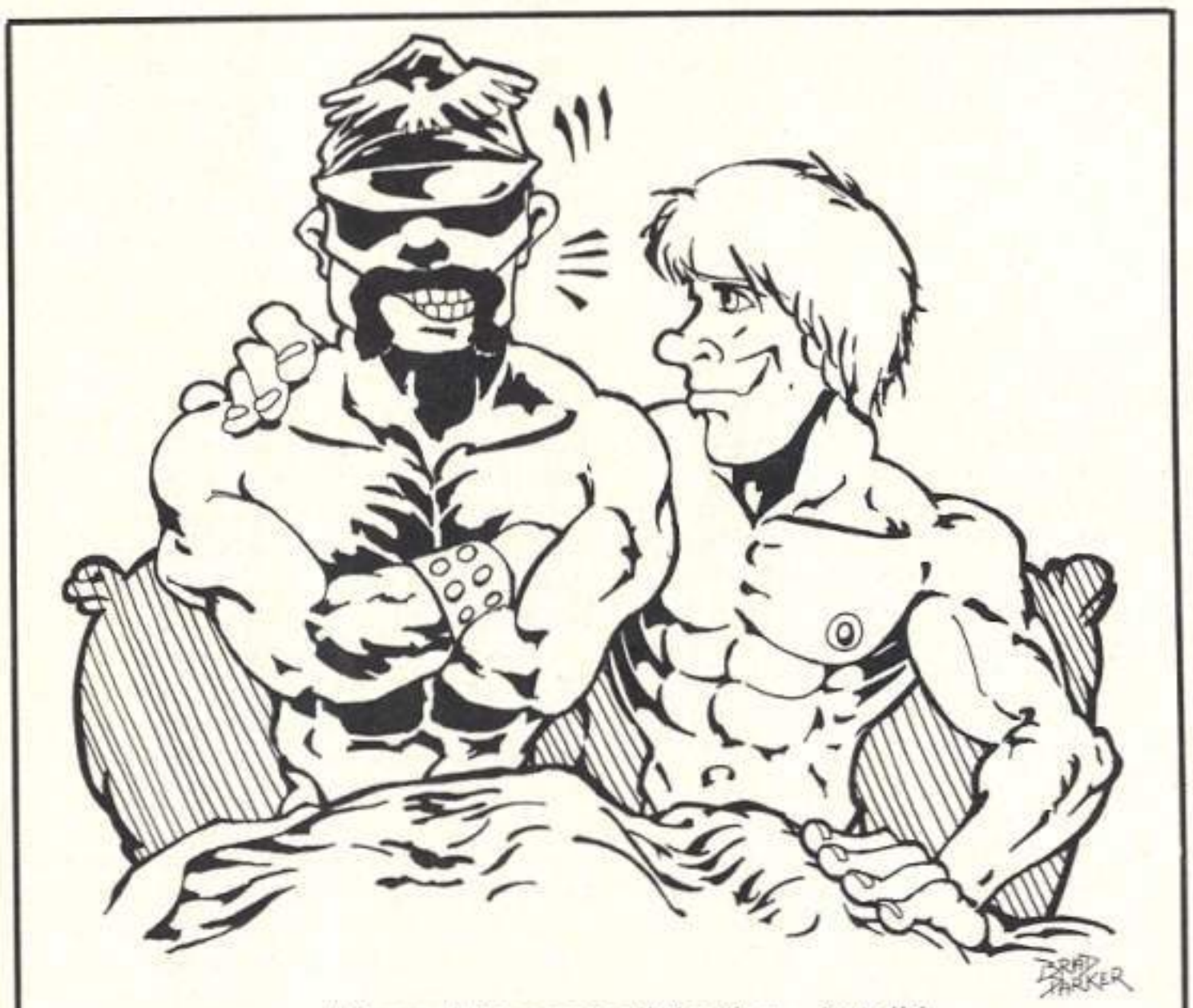
I got to know the dilapidated area around USC well. The University may be an extremely wealthy private school, but it's once-fashionable Victorian neighborhood has been slummy for decades. The region between Exposition Park (south of the campus) and the Santa Monica Freeway (to the north) became a regular nighttime haunt. You didn't dare go beyond the Harbor Freeway or Vermont Avenue (east and west, respectively). That was no man's land. The black and chicano gangs who patrol those areas don't appreciate white kids invading their turf.

The nocturnal residents of Exposition Park were mostly of two distinct types—the panhandlers and the vagrants. The panhandlers were mostly elderly black men who disappeared into their ramshackle homes before midnight. The vagrants—glassy-eyed men of all ages and races—were winos who appeared around midnight and vanished before dawn. Unlike the panhandlers, they shunned all human encounters.

In spite of all that human tragedy, I was perhaps the most bizarre character who called that place "home." I was a total jerk-off freak. I just couldn't get enough of pulling my rod, and I didn't give a rat's ass where or when! Among the bushes of the famous Rose Garden. Behind the sexy statute on the steps of the Museum of Natural History. Seated on a park bench in full view of passing cars on Exposition Boulevard. I didn't care!

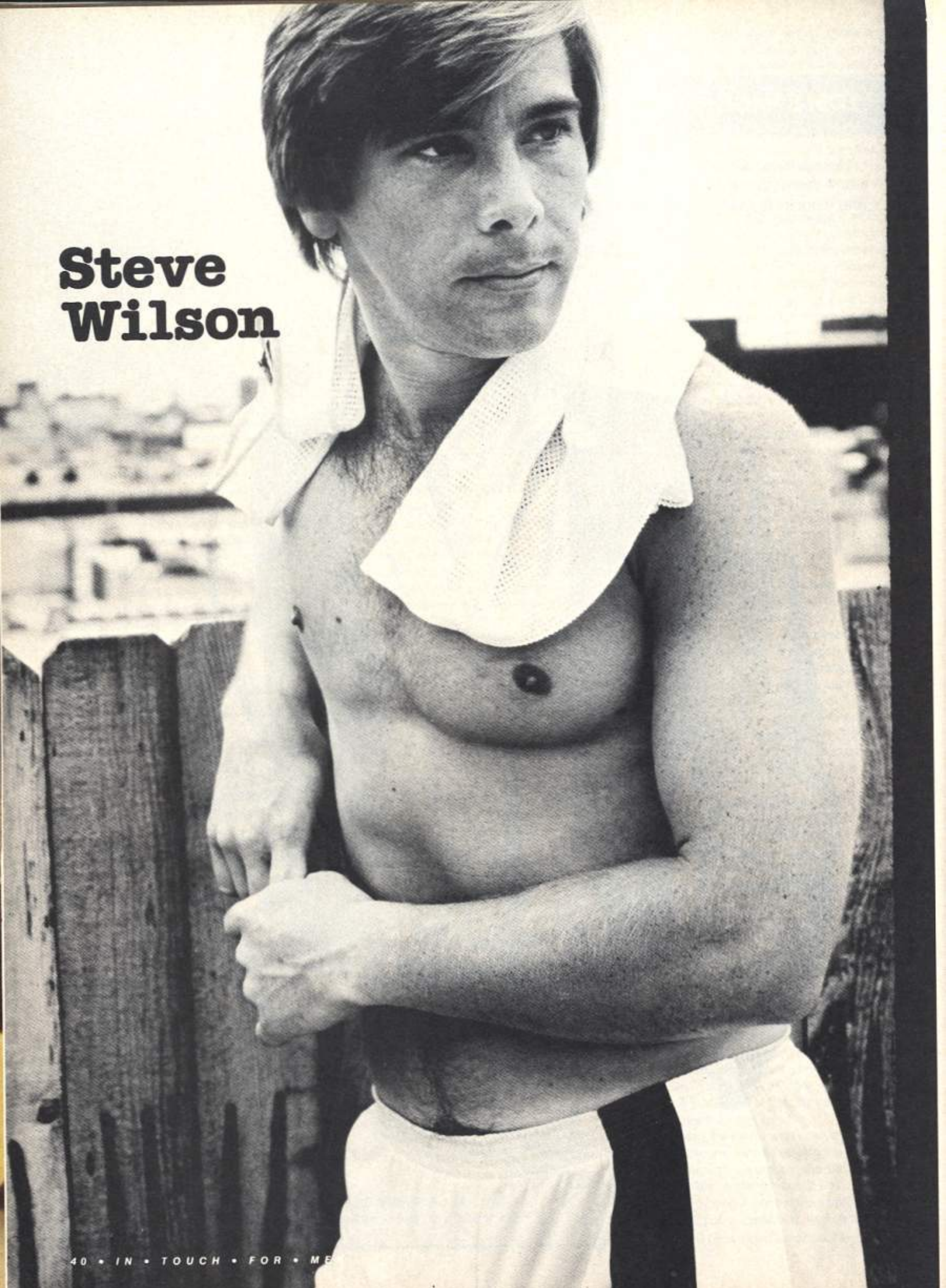
During the day, I was into voyeurism inside the museum. I would go into the restroom and peek through the crack in the stall door, jerking off to the sight of cocks—all shapes and sizes—pissing into the urinals before my young eyes. I got a particular thrill from watching

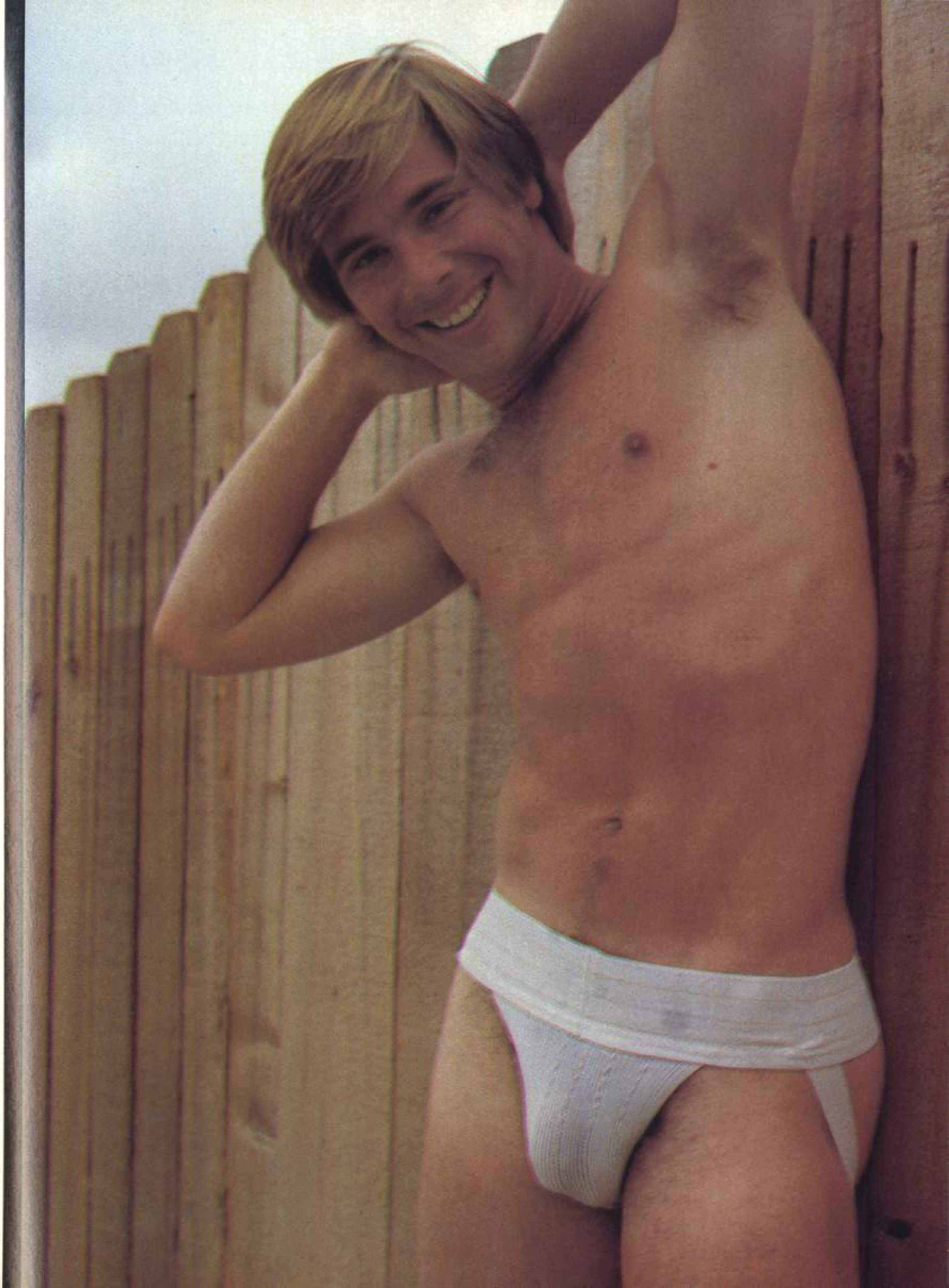
(continued on page 83)



"I know it happens all the time—but did you have to say 'He faw down go boom'?"

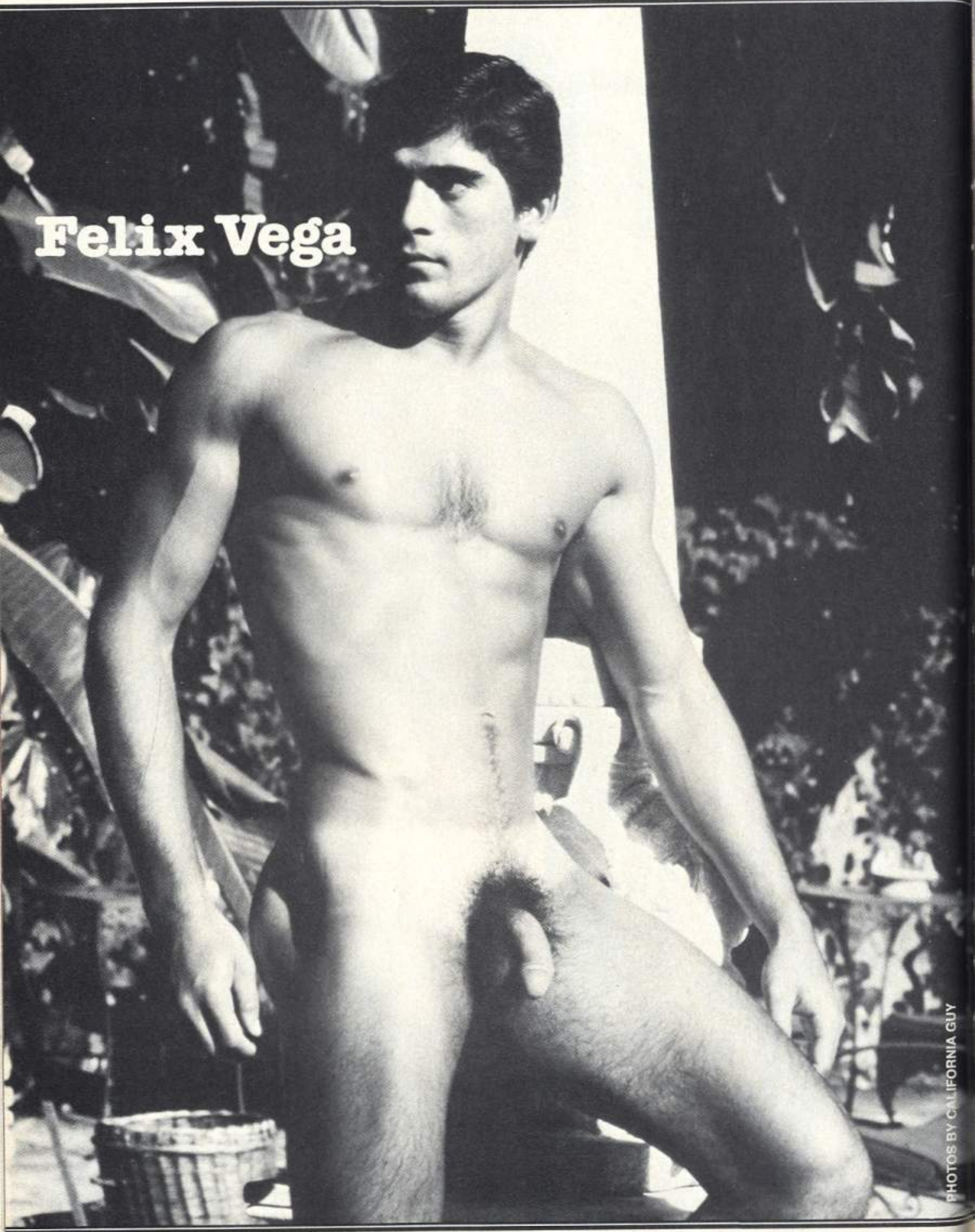
Steve Wilson

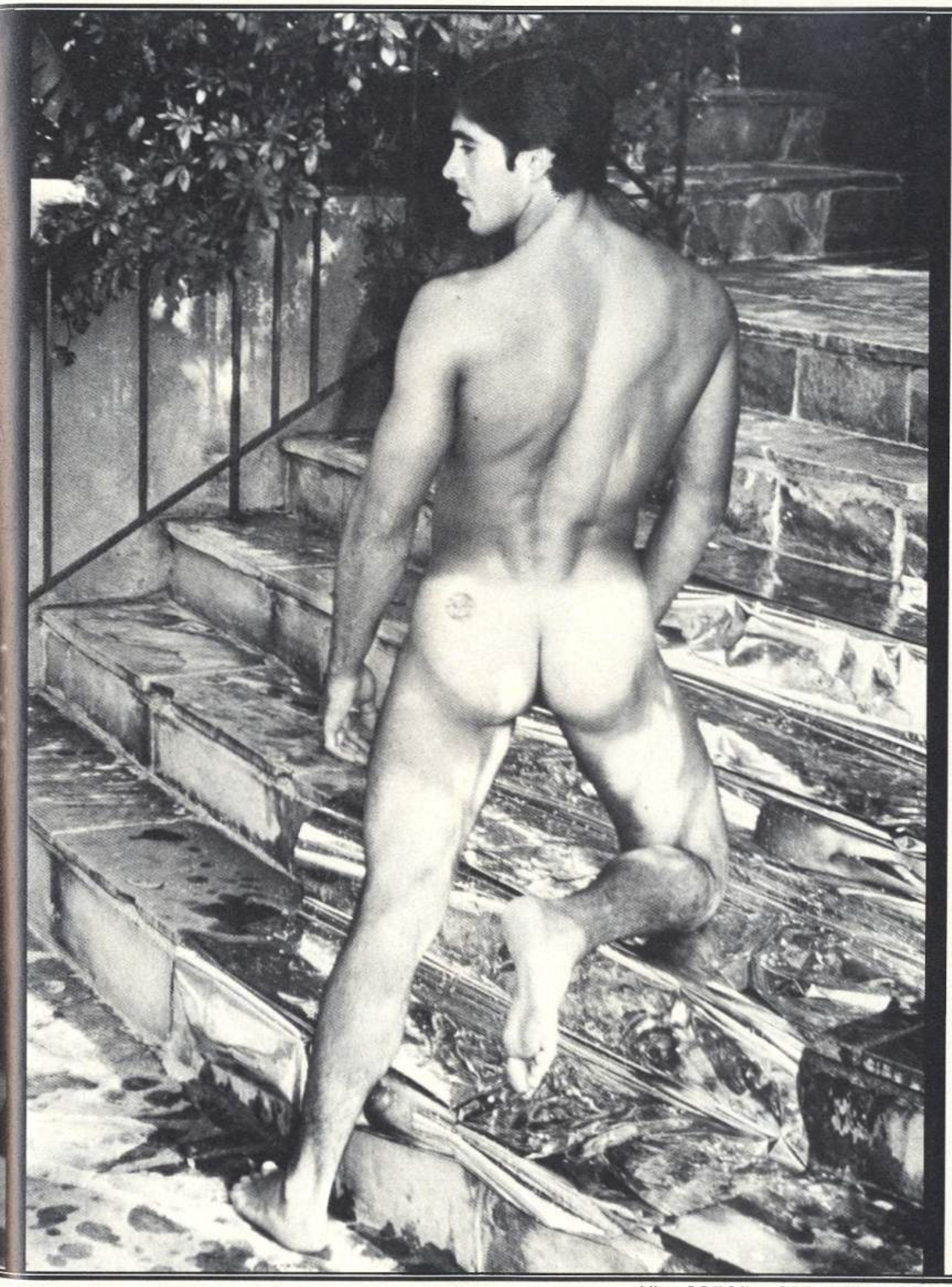









Felix Vega
PHOTOS BY CALIFORNIA GUY









Dustin Benson

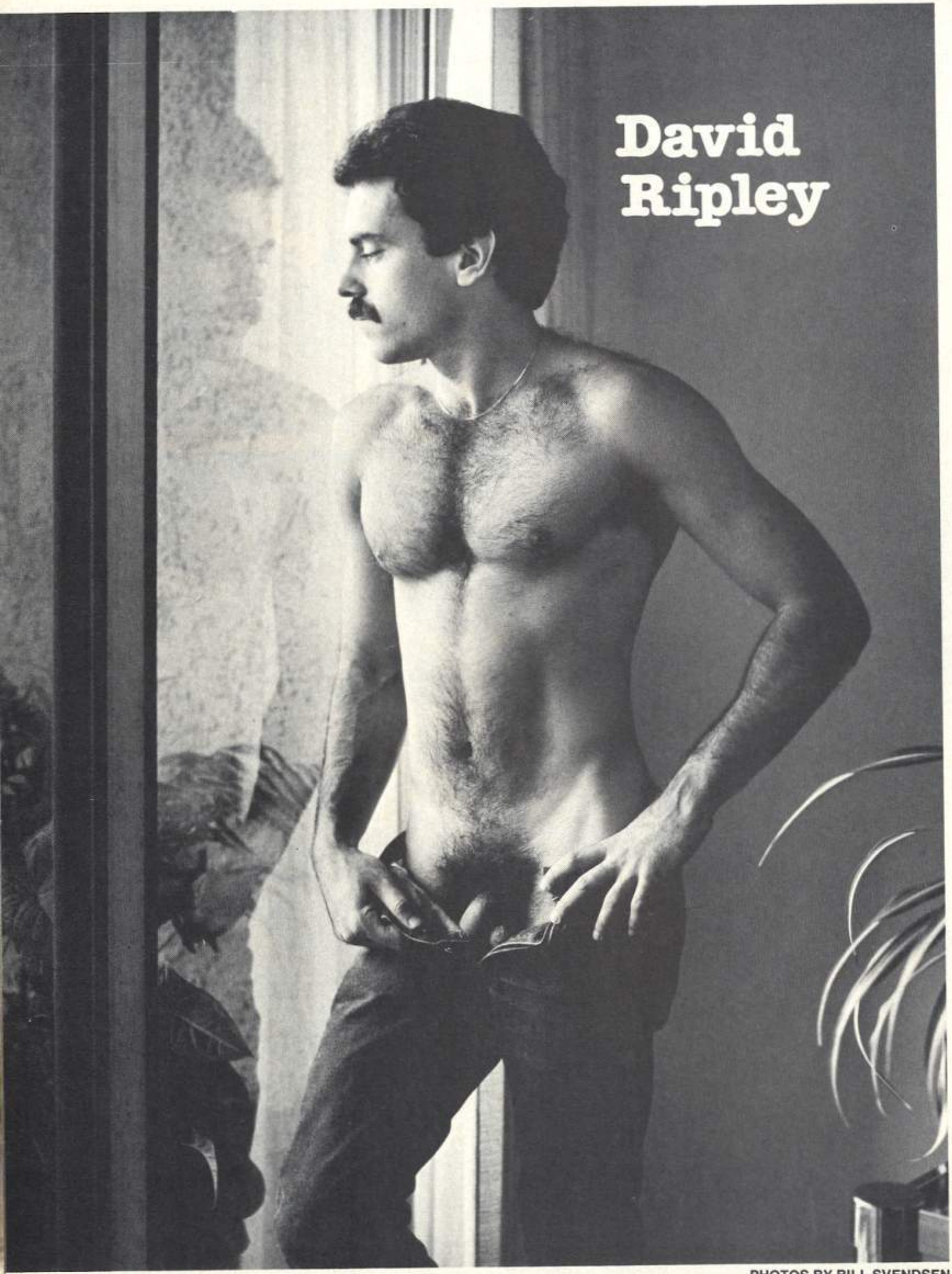




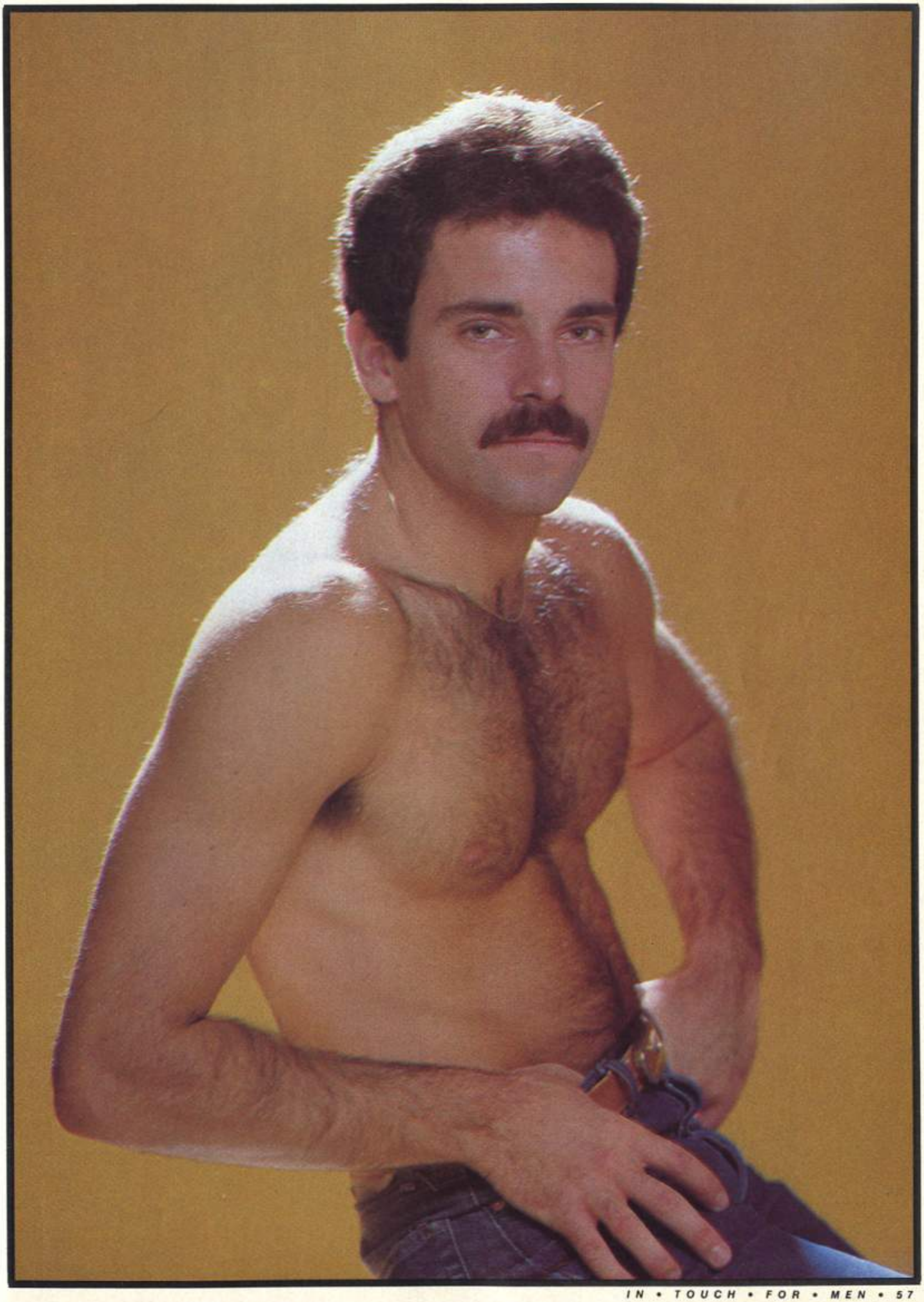


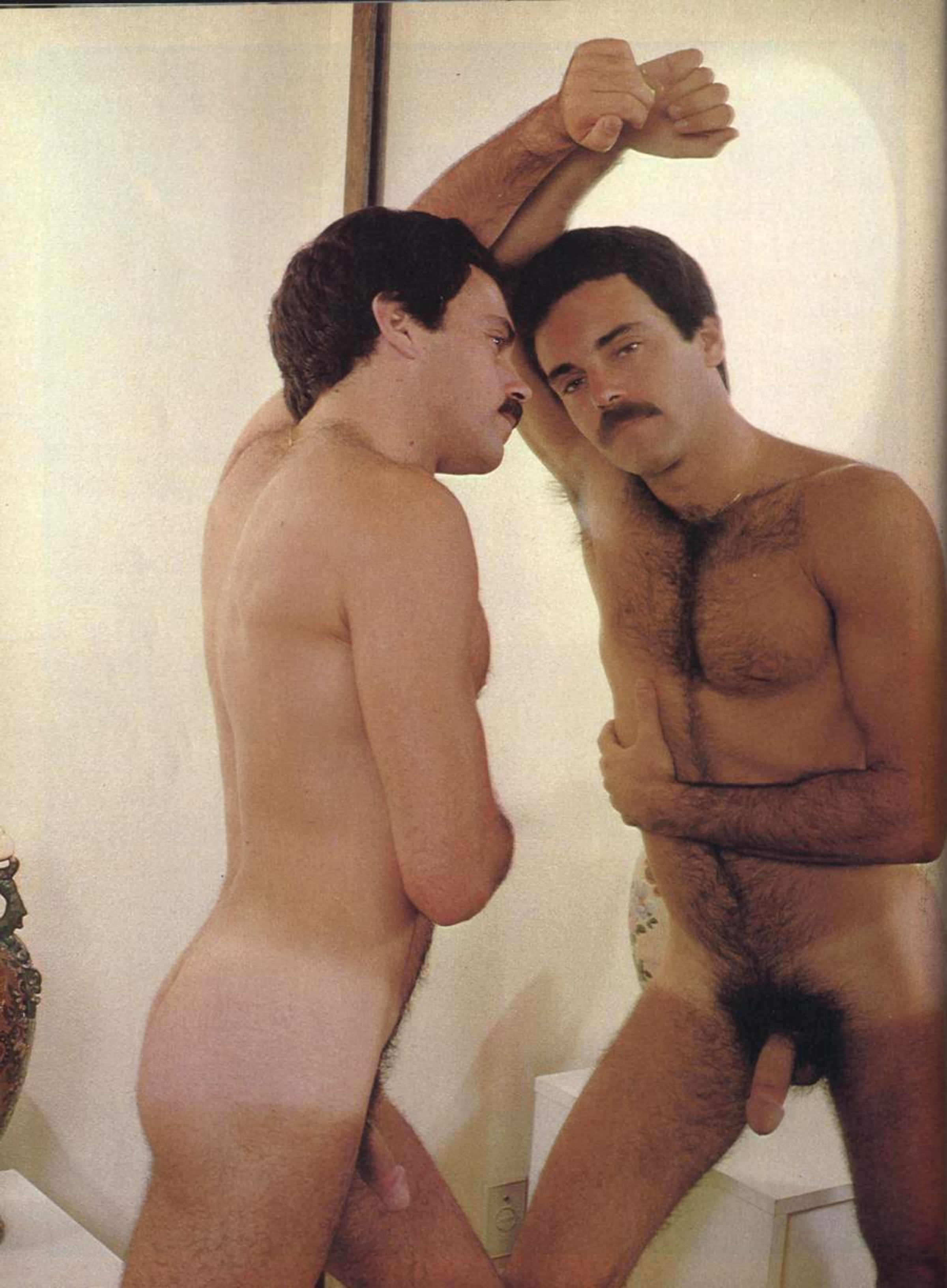
PHOTOS BY MARK SMITH

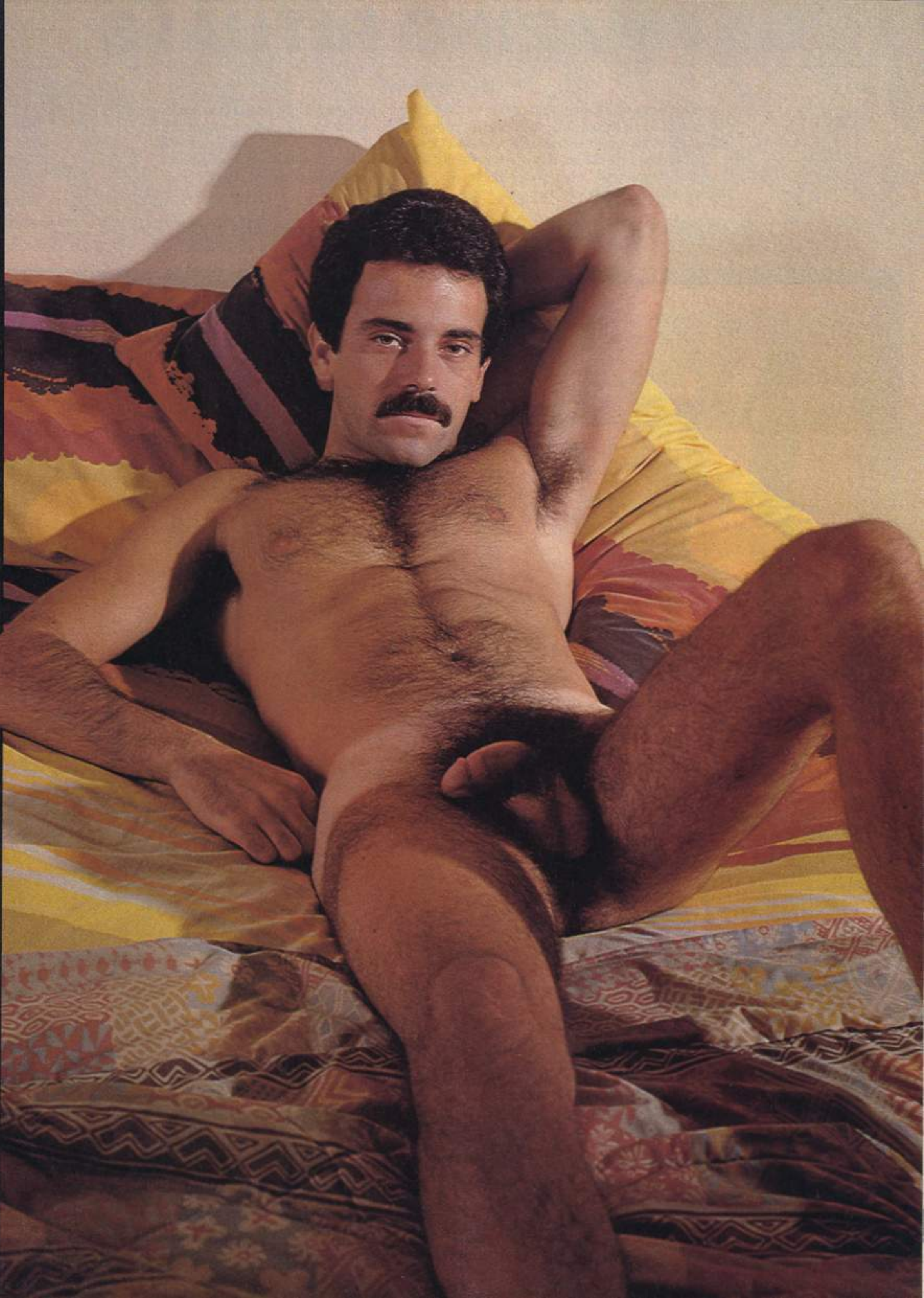




PHOTOS BY BILL SVENDSEN







GAY HAZING RITUALS

BY JIM YOUSLING

It's hell week here at IN TOUCH, when the staff fraternity brothers get to initiate all those good-looking new pledges. This year's batch of freshmen are ready to rush, and we plan to grab the cream of the crop. Our secret? The wildest indoctrination on fraternity row. Those cute little milk-fed froshes are all lined up to run the gauntlet—but forget about peanut butter, raw eggs and chugging-till-you-puke. When you go Greek with IN TOUCH, you really go *Greek*. This list of our hazing rites will explain it all to you.

PART 1: PHYSICAL BRUTALITY (BARE HANDS):



PARKER STEVENSON & JOHN HEYL in *A SEPARATE PEACE* (1972, Paramount)

THE SWAT: This one hardly hurts at all. One of our hard-ass ballet majors takes the new plebe down to the crew boat-house and works him over while his buddies watch. You'll love the *pas de deux*.



TREAT WILLIAMS & JACK WESTON in *THE RITZ* (1976, Warner Bros.)

THE SLAP: A test of dexterity and coordination. The plebe must withstand a series of slap-attacks while he simultaneously (1) winds a self-winding watch, (2) jingles the key to his Porsche, and (3) maintains a conversation with his ex-lover. Under no circumstances may he drop the telephone receiver. He may, however, drop the towel.



MURRAY MACLEOD & BRUCE DAVISON in *THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT* (1970, MGM)

THE SMACK: The naked plebe must keep his eyes closed while attempting to remove towels from the loins of the actives. As soon as he has all the towels hanging around his neck, he must open his eyes and do what comes naturally.

PHOTOS FROM DAN PATTARSON COLLECTION
ADDITIONAL PHOTOS FROM NEAL PETERS, JERRY MILLS, COLLECTORS BOOK STORE, RAY WEBSTER & JIM YOUSLING

STAN SHAW, WARREN OATES & DENNIS QUAID in *TOUGH ENOUGH* (1983, 20th Century Fox)

UNIDENTIFIED PLAYER in UNIDENTIFIED ITALIAN GLADIATOR MOVIE (circa 1960)



REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE (1967, Warner Bros.)

THE SLUG: This one looks tough, but it's lots of fun. The plebe takes on the frat house maintenance staff, using the orifice of his choice.



THE SOCK: Dressed in regulation army underwear, the plebe is beaten into submission by a latent homosexual ROTC instructor, who is then allowed to eat the underwear.



JACK LEMMON in *MISTER ROBERTS* (1955, Warner Bros.)

THE SPANK: The plebe gets his ass paddled by the entire fraternity, while our lesbian sister-sorority makes witty remarks about the size of his dick.

PART 2: PHYSICAL BRUTALITY (TORTURE DEVICES):



THE STICK: Dressed as a USC Trojan, the plebe defends himself against Greek invasion. The Trident on the end of his stick is harmless and made of sugarless gum—the only kind his housemother lets him chew. The conquering Greek actives get to chew the Bazooka between his legs before slipping the pud to his Double Bubble.

MYRNA LOY, CHARLES STARRETT & BORIS KARLOFF in *THE MASK OF FU MANCHU* (1932, MGM)



THE SWORD: The best-dressed preppie is singled out and must choose between (1) attending this week's toga party with a drag queen and (2) castration.

ROBERT BLAKE & UNIDENTIFIED PLAYER in *CORKEY* (1971, MGM)



THE SHOTGUN: The plebe is forced to strip at gunpoint and then "marry" each of the upperclassmen.

LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE in *FLASH GORDON* (1935, Universal)



THE SHOVEL: The plebes clean up the mess from last week's toga party in hot pants and go-go boots.



JON VOIGHT & BILLY McKINNEY in *DELIVERANCE* (1972, Warner Bros.)

THE STRAP: The plebe must remove a large cockring from his neck before his jumpsuit gets completely unzipped. If he fails, the rep necktie around his cock and balls is tightened a notch and he begins again. The test is over when he either (1) succeeds at removing the cockring or (2) comes.



UNIDENTIFIED AMERICAN SEXPLOITATION MOVIE (circa 1970)

THE SURROGATE: Any plebe claiming to be straight must perform sex acts with a mandolin while his girlfriend pretends to sleep.



DORIS DAY in *WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT?* (1968, MGM)

THE SKILLET: The plebe gives the housemother his honest opinion of her cooking.

PART 3: ENDURANCE & STAMINA (GROSS ACTIVITIES):



KURT RUSSELL in *THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD* (1975, Walt Disney)

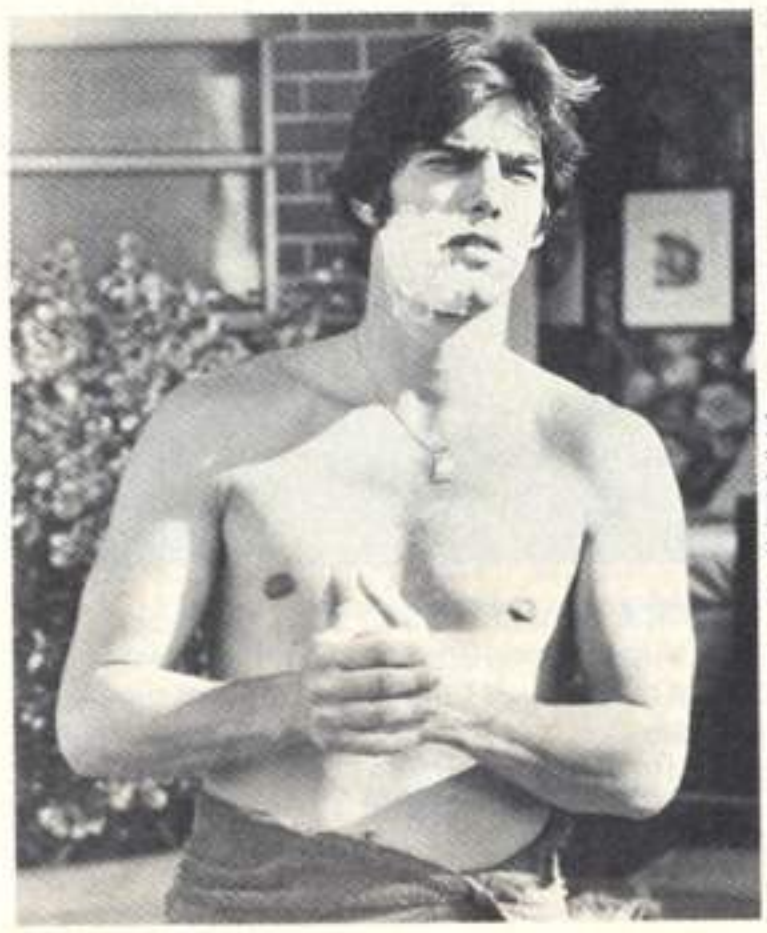
THE SLUMBERPARTY: The plebe must sleep with all the actives without touching them. Not as easy as it sounds.



ROBERT TAYLOR & JOAN CRAWFORD in *THE GORGEOUS HUSSY* (1936, MGM)

THE SPERMCOUNT: The plebe conducts a taste test based on the results of the upperclassmen's nightly circle jerk.

THE SHAVE: The plebe gets lathered and razored by the upperclassmen, who do not stop at his face.



KEN WAHL in *JINXED* (1981, United Artists)

RICHARD EYER & SAMANTHA THE GOOSE in *FRIENDLY PERSUASION* (1956, Allied Artists)

PART 4: ENDURANCE & STAMINA (GROSS ENCOUNTERS):



PERRY KING & STEFANIA CASSINI in *ANDY WARHOL'S BAD* (1977, New World)

THE SPEEDFREAK: The plebe must masturbate a campus druggie who hasn't been able to come since dropping a handful of uppers during finals last spring.



BRANDON DE WILDE, COLETTE JACKSON & WARREN BEATTY in *ALL FALL DOWN*

THE SLUT: The plebe must flirt with a townie (whose most frequent date is the entire football team) without revealing his attraction to her brother.



UNIDENTIFIED PLAYERS in *DRUMS* (1938, Alexander Korda)

THE SISSY: The plebe must remain calm while a sniveling wimp complains about campus apathy and unpleasant childhood experiences—without the aid of liquor or drugs.

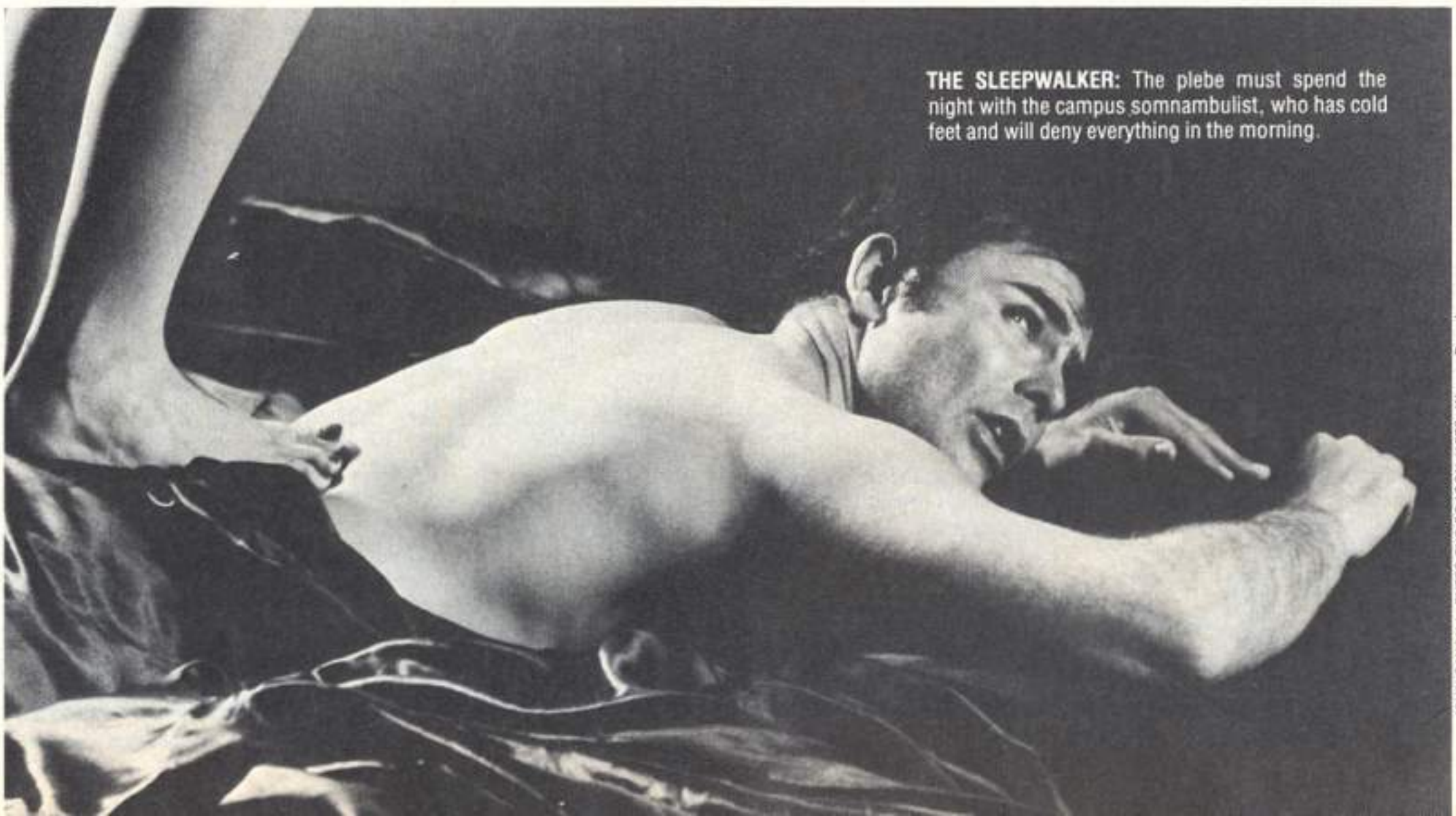


THE SCOTSMAN: A five-hour lecture on thrift from a man with a big stick and an unintelligible brogue. If the plebe attempts to find out what's under the kilt, he is punished with a severe beating and a bagpipe recital.



NICK ADAMS & EVE ARDEN in *OUR MISS BROOKS* (1956, Warner)

THE SPINSTER: The plebe must fend off the advances of an unmarried algebra tutor who hasn't seen a man since the invention of the pocket calculator.



THE SLEEPWALKER: The plebe must spend the night with the campus somnambulist, who has cold feet and will deny everything in the morning.

JOHN SAXON in *ENTER THE DRAGON* (1973, Warner Bros.)



TUESDAY WELD & MICHAEL CALLAN in *BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG* (1960, Columbia)

THE SWEATERGIRL: The plebe must spend an hour alone with the prettiest blonde on campus without asking for a handjob or the name of her hairdresser.



DOUG McCLURE & MICHAEL CALLAN in *BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG* (1960, Columbia)

THE SWEATERBOY: The plebe must spend an hour alone with the prettiest blond on campus without asking for a handjob or the name of his hairdresser.



SAL MINEO in *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* (1955, Warner Bros.)

THE SAL: This one is torture. The campus egghead (and the least popular guy in school) follows each plebe around for an entire day, loudly declaring his love for the plebe and begging him to pose for a Life Drawing class.

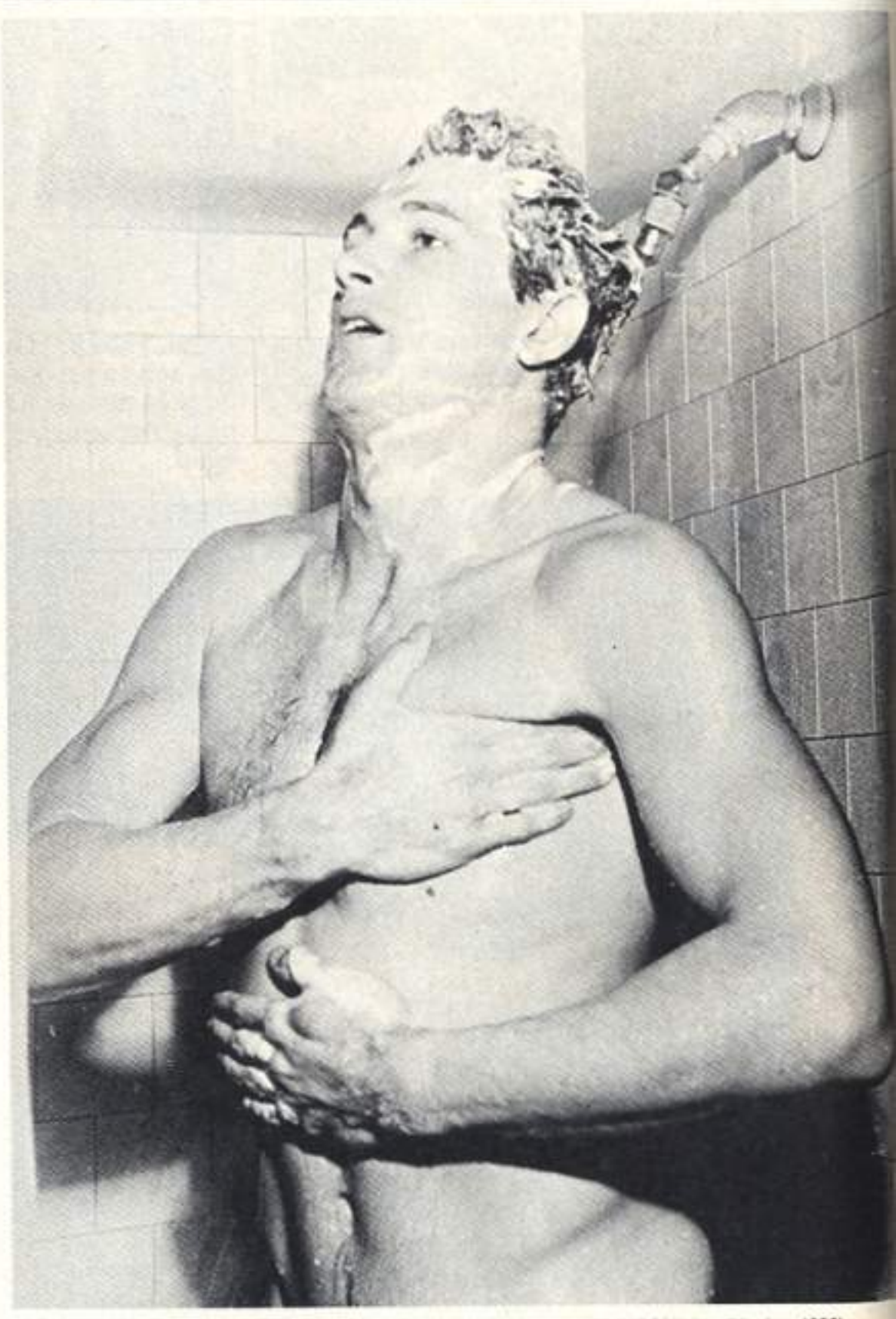
PART 5: PUBLIC HUMILIATION (BARE-ASS):



THE DEAD END KIDS (circa 1940)

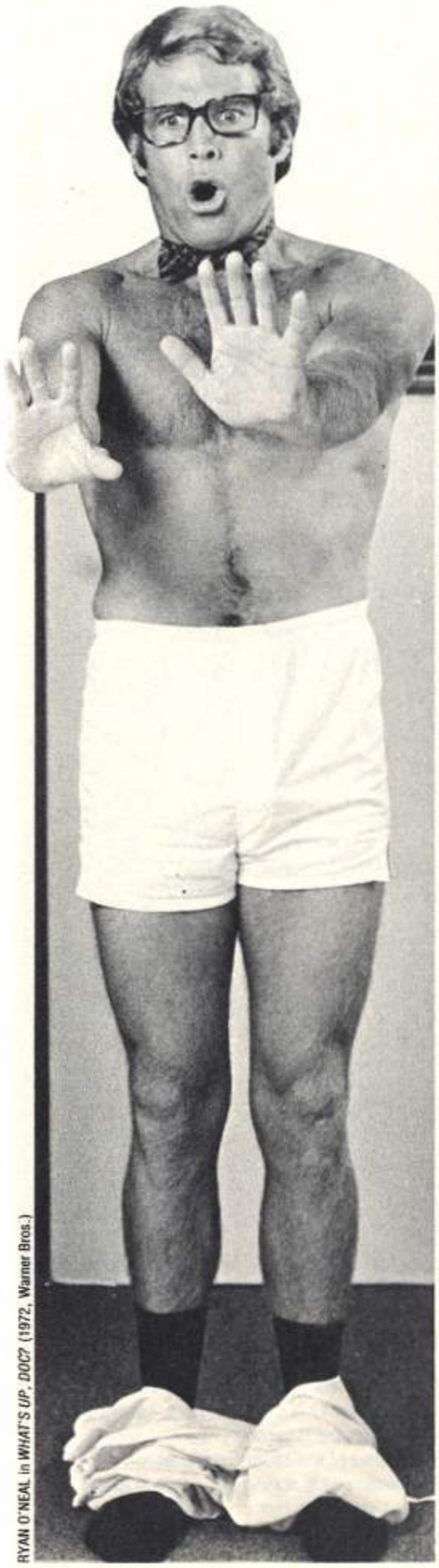
THE SHOWER: This is where things really get interesting. The plebe must take daily showers with actives who have hard-ons—without getting hard himself. Plebes who get erections must relieve themselves on the spot.

THE SOAPDROP: Whenever an upperclassmen (shown here) drops his soap, the plebe (not shown here) must retrieve it and allow the upperclassman to hold him down on the shower floor with a certain part of the anatomy (also not shown here).



ROCK HUDSON (candid, circa 1950)

THE STRIPSEARCH: Plebes must "drop trou" for intimate inspections whenever and wherever an active requests it. This includes the library.



RYAN O'NEAL in *WHAT'S UP, DOC?* (1972, Warner Bros.)



BRAD DAVIS (holding book) in *A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS* (1960, United Artists)

THE STREAK: Plebes must attend all their classes in just skivvies throughout fall semester, rain or shine.

THE STRETCHER: When the plebe has passed all these rigorous tests, he is ready for the "crossover" —the fraternity induction ceremony—traditionally held at the campus medical center.



GREGORY HARRISON in *FRATERNITY ROW* (1977, Paramount)

INTERVIEW WITH THE MUMS

BY JIM YOUSLING

The Mums are three handsome young men – Roy Johns, Albie Selznick and Nathan Stein – whose cabaret/theater act is a mile-a-minute fusion of music, magic, juggling, mime, dance, humor, mystery and spectacle. Since their formation in 1976, the Mums have toured the U.S., Europe and the Orient, and have become familiar to MTV viewers as the sexy, shirtless magicians in the video version of Steve Miller's "Abracadabra." Their latest live show, Mumbo Jumble, *features spacemen, witch doctors, snakes, incense, fire-eaters, half-naked voodoo girls, a futuristic nightclub comic, wrestlers – and balls, balls, balls. At least half of the dialog is in Swahili and French. In short, this is our kind of show. The following interview took place in the Mums' dressing room at the Olio club (located in Los Angeles' Silverlake district) on a relatively calm Thursday afternoon. Since interviews taped with three people at once tend to sound like the newspaper office in* Citizen Kane, *we began with Roy alone. Albie joined us later, followed by Nathan.*

Where did the name "Mums" come from?
ROY: Several things. There was the English connection — "mum's the word," calling your mother "mum" — plus Mumm champagne, maxi-mum, mini-mum, chrysanthe-mum . . . the word had a universal ring to it. Our very first "look" was French clowns. Before we created the Mums, we were always concerned with looking good, looking our best — young studs. We hid behind that. But Dundii Huhn, who created the French clowns, turned it around — no hair, skull caps, pretty white makeup. We weren't at all sexual — genderless, neutral. So the most important thing in the act was no longer the person, it was the concept, the act itself. We had to eliminate half of our tricks — we couldn't use the head. It was hard, but we learned in the process that the concept was so strong that it became the act — it became more than the tricks. When you stripped away the make-up, we looked very California — long hair, tans. So it allowed us the freedom to be somebody else on stage, to be another character.
When did you shift into leather, into what you're wearing on stage now?
ROY: After the French clowns, we created a Leyendecker look. He was the Arrow shirt illustrator in the Twenties who established the look of Valentino and the ideal man of that period. Very masculine but soft, perfect. It was very studied — the make-up, the slicked-back hair, a total picture. After that, we wanted to create an image that was geared more toward our own sensibilities. We were being groomed for Las Vegas, but we felt that the people who control Vegas were from an older school that we couldn't relate to. Our influences had been rock and roll, the Beatles, the Stones, David Bowie. We wanted to work that into the traditional juggling act. Marlene Stewart, an artist and clothing designer, developed the black leather gaucho pants. Visually, we've been influenced a lot by the gauchos. I loved them when I first saw them. I was inspired by their ability to use music with the bolla. There was rhythm and a lot of flamboyance — but *very* masculine. The funny thing about the gauchos and the flamenco dancers was that they'd be so masculine on stage, but you'd go backstage and these guys would be totally flaming. It was amazing. You'd expect them to be six feet tall, and they'd be these tiny men who just radiated this presence on stage. I learned a lot from them. That's also why we use a boot instead of a flat shoe. So we put our rhinestone Bob Mackie-ish stuff in our closets forever. It's been quite a struggle because we *have* avoided going into Las Vegas.
How did the "Abracadabra" video come about?
ROY: The two ladies in it, Susan Ashley and Nina Lilly, I knew previously. I had danced with Nina and taught Susan to juggle. When they were called into the project, they recommended us. It was very lucky for us, because it was the first video project we were involved with where there was no choreographer to get in our way — and there wasn't a director *per se.* Peter and Coco Conn, who produced it, were smart enough to say "do your thing." They let us take control.
So the video was created more through editing than by planning every shot in advance.
ROY: Right. We gave them images. And Steve Miller wasn't there himself, which was smart on his part.
Is it true that there's an earlier version of the video that MTV wouldn't show because it was too sexy? Not necessarily *more* skin — but they lingered on it.
ROY: Well, there's a full length version which was shortened for MTV's time-limit requirements. But it wasn't that risque to begin with.
Just a lot of leather and bare chest.
ROY: Yeah. Tony Marando and Steve Stucker had written a German show for us — the "Berlin" show — and we were wearing no shirts and the leather straps. That's where that imagery came from.
It's very hot.
ROY: Yeah! It was sort of a fluke, but it gave us a lot of confidence in the "Abracadabra" video. The words to the song were silly.
I'm sure that the video is responsible for making the song as popular as it was.
ROY: You know, we spin a geodesic ball in it,



PHOTO: NORMAN SEEFF / TINTING: MAC JAMES

and people think it's a video effect. But it's just juggling.
Where did the idea for that mirrored ball come from? Is it an ancient symbol? The rings form pentagrams.
ROY: One of the Mums' sister studied architecture. It's actually just Buckminster Fuller's geodesic ball.
It looks like it belongs in an alchemist's laboratory.



ROY: It has that quality. But it's a new, very strong image. People aren't used to seeing it. That's why they think it's computer animation in "Abracadabra." Later on, I walked a highwire for a Supertramp commercial, and we got to... Hello?

(Albie Selznick arrives.)

ALBIE: Sorry I'm late.

We were late too.

ROY: We were talking about "Abracadabra."

Do you get residuals for it, or were you paid a lump sum?

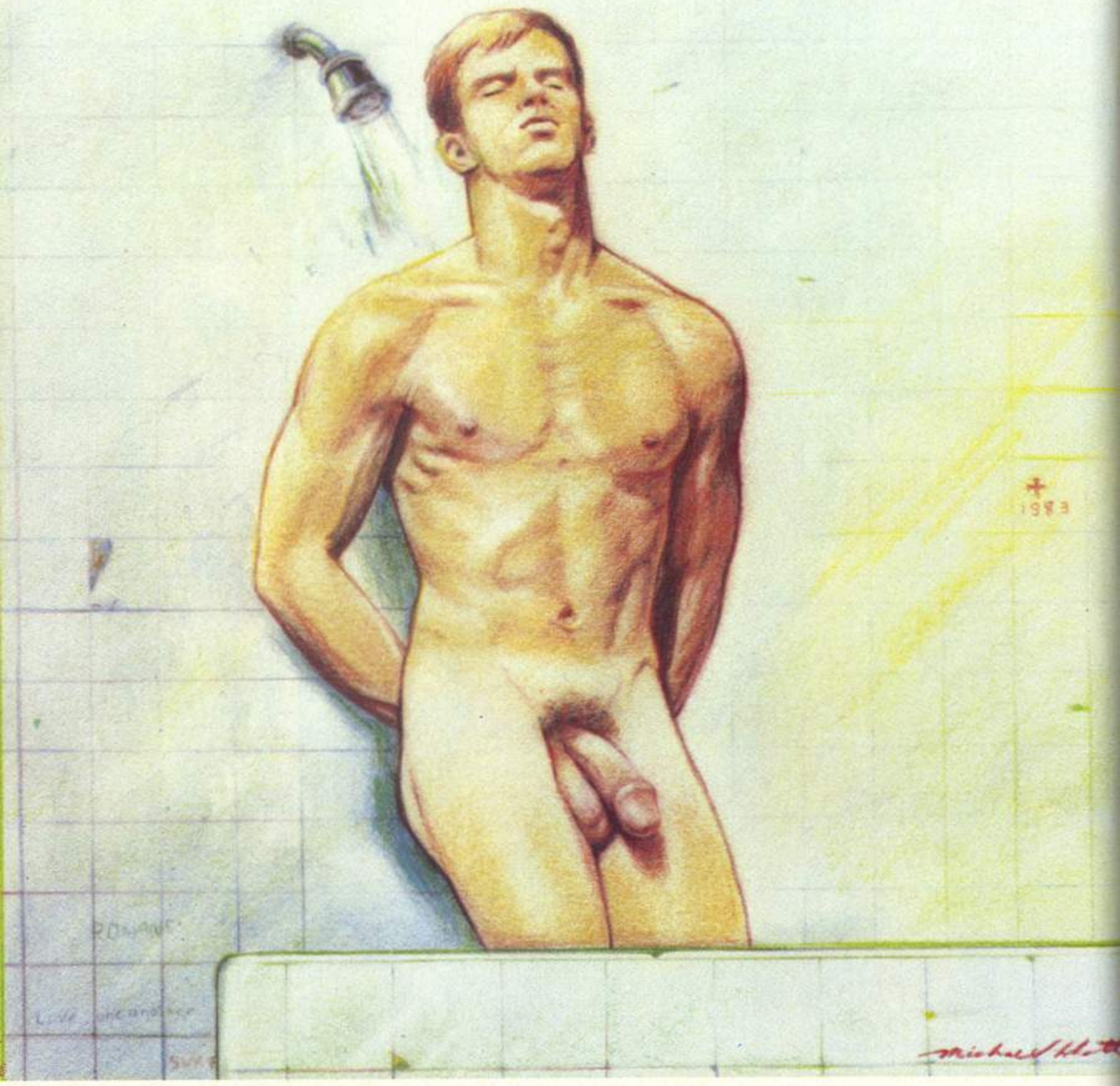
ROY: A lump sum. People come up to me and say, "Boy, you must have made a lot of money on that one."

ALBIE: We spent it on lunch that afternoon.

ROY: Literally. But I think the Mums always give more than a hundred percent. More than is being asked.

(continued on page 81)

THE MUMS ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) ALBIE SELZNICK, ROY JOHNS & NATHAN STEIN



QUESTION OF JUDGEMENT
by Phillip Brents

The lockerroom was really buzzing with excitement as Paul trudged in with the rest of the gear from the bench. The Crusaders had just won the county CIF football championship and everybody on the team was freaking out. Some asshole had smuggled in a couple of six-packs and the guys were sloshing beer all over each other. And Kevin—the star quarterback who had engineered the 64 to 10 victory over Ventura High—was getting the worst of it. His tight uniform was completely soaked.

Paul found heaven every time that Kevin threw his strong arms around him and pressed him close to that hulking body of his after a big win. Becoming the team manager was definitely the best move that Paul had ever made in his young life. Without a doubt.

Paul thought that those high school studs would never finish peeling off their wet uniforms and hit the showers. It usually took the team a good twenty minutes to wash off after a big game, giving him more than enough ample time to ogle the assortment of naked teenage beefcake that leisurely unfolded before his willing blue eyes. Eddie Petersen was really something else—six-foot-six of hot white flesh and at least twelve flacid inches of mouth-watering, circumcised meat! Too bad that his I.Q. wasn't much higher. If somebody didn't point him in

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL UHLENKOTT

the right direction of a set play, he'd wind up sacking his own quarterback.

Paul especially loved to watch Kevin slowly loose his sweat-drenched uniform. The eighteen-year-old, brown-haired jock stood a full six-foot-two and the muscles in his massive arms bristled with untold power as he casually went about undressing himself. Paul's lean body tingled with anticipation every time the stud quarterback threw off his bulging jockstrap. It was sheer torture for the slim blond as he marveled from afar at Kevin's beautiful body.

Paul could have probably played on the football team had he really wanted to. He was a good five-eleven and an exceptionally fast runner at seventeen. But being in the showers at the same time with all of those naked studs would have been absolutely disastrous. He was stiff enough as it was.

A month had come and gone since the championship game and Paul and Kevin no longer shared the intimacy of the lockerroom. But the blond's feelings for the jock hadn't changed. He was still very much hung up on the guy. And with Paul knowing that Kevin regularly fucked girls (who on the goddamn football team didn't?), he realized that it wouldn't be easy coming out to him. But Paul knew that he just had to. The feelings that he had for the young athlete were simply too strong. Tears came to his eyes some nights when he desperately longed to hold Kevin in his loving arms. He felt so totally alone without him.

Paul wondered how he would break the news to the quarterback. Maybe a series of anonymous notes slipped into the guy's locker? No, too impersonal. A phone call revealing everything? No, Kevin would probably freak out and hang up on him. It had to be face to face. Definitely. He just had to be able to look deeply into the jock's dark blue eyes when he finally confronted him with his inner feelings.

But everything seemed to fly out the window as Paul caught sight of big Kevin going into the boys' room at the far end of the 300 building hall. A horrible lump formed in his throat and his heart beat faster as he found himself slowly walking down the noisy hall towards that restroom and his appointment with destiny. A warm, tingling sensation raced through his body. "What the hell, why not be spontaneous?"

Moments later, Paul stood in front of the urinals next to Kevin. The hulking brunet was quite leisurely shaking off. Paul couldn't help eyeing the athlete's incredible organ. His heart skipped a couple of beats. Billy Coleman was sprawled in a heap over in the front corner, calmly puffing away on a joint. That asshole was always high on something. And Paul took in a few breaths of the rapidly spreading pot smoke. He became more relaxed. That awful feeling in the pit of his stomach disappeared.

"Wait up a minute, will you Kevin?" The slim blond finished zipping up his tight 701 jeans. "I gotta talk to you about something."

Kevin stopped at the door, looked over his shoulder at Paul, and then cooly strode back over to the urinals.

"Got some coke to sell?" The jock was quite serious.

"Wish I had!" A sheepish grin fluttered across Paul's reddening face.

"What's up then?" Kevin was a little disappointed.

"There's something real important that I have to discuss with you." Paul hestitated, trying to find the right words in which to express himself. "I think that you'd just better listen to what I have to say and try not to freak out."

Billy looked on with renewed interest to the seemingly perplexing conversation, leisurely puffing away on his half-finished joint. The small room was really beginning to fill up with the sweet-smelling smoke.

"Hey, if you're just gonna fuck around with me, I'm leaving!"

Paul reached out and caught hold of Kevin's right arm as the jock turned to walk out of the boys' room.

"Kevin, it's important...!"

The quarterback angrily shook off the young blond's loose grasp, beginning to get flustered.

"What the fuck is going on here anyway?"

Paul took a quick swallow and then let his secret rip. "I'm gay and I think I'm in love with you!"

Billy arched his eyebrows a little. Kevin was clearly horrified.

"What did you say?" Kevin's feeble voice was barely even audible. His face turned white as a sheet and his hulking body began to uncontrollably twitch with a jerk.

"I'm gay...and I'm in love with you." Paul looked deeply into the jock's disbelieving eyes.

Kevin reacted the only way that he knew how. The young athlete reeled forward, grabbed Paul by the collar, and violently slung the boy up against the hard plaster wall.

"Are you trying to say that I'm some kind of faggot?" The towering brunet was really shaking. "'Cause if you are, I'll ruin you so bad that you'll never be able to show your goddamn face around here ever again!"

Kevin began to wave his closed fist at Paul, firmly holding him in place against the cold restroom wall. The jock hestitated for a brief moment, not knowing exactly what to do next, and then jammed the kid with a quick stab to the midsection.

"Maybe *that* will show you that I mean business, you fucking queer!"

Paul limped crumpled to the wet floor, doubling over, trying to catch his breath.

Kevin stormed out of the smoke-filled room in a seething rage. The slim blond wondered how the guy could have done this to him. His eyes began to water. The pain was excrutiating. He vainly tried to stifle a viscous sob.

"Wanna suck my dick?" Billy slurred out, spreading his slender legs wide and motioning over his crotch.

"Fuck you!"

"I'm available any time that you want me, sweetie!" Billy laughed back. He was thoroughly stoned.

Paul slowly picked himself up and staggered out into the crowded hall. Lunch break would be over any minute now.

Paul soon found out that Kevin hadn't been lying about spreading ill-wind around campus. He had hoped that his persistent phone calls might have helped straighten things out. But Kevin never returned them. His mother always made some excuse as to why her son couldn't come to the phone. Kevin had seen to that.

The last two weeks had been absolute hell for Paul—being hassled, abused, and tormented by his peers at school and given the silent treatment by his parents at home. Hardly anyone ever spoke to him anymore as a friend. The rejection that he felt everywhere was tearing him up inside. The alienation was complete.

Paul somberly looked down at the brief note that he had just finished writing to his parents. The lump in his dry throat became so large that he had to fight for every gasping breath.

"Dear Mom and Dead...Please find it in your hearts someday to forgive me for what I am about to do. I've thought a lot about everything the last few days and I feel that I just can't go on like this anymore. Life is not worth living without love and respect. And if I can't find it in this life, maybe I will in the next. At least I'm not ashamed of what I am. Always in loving memory, Paul."

The slim blond neatly placed the note in a prominent position on his desk, picked up the automatic that he had sneaked out of his father's gun cabinet, and then sat down on the edge of the bed—calmly putting the cold steel barrel against the side of his head and without the slightest bit of remorse pulling the trigger. His lifeless body fell to the floor. Pools of oozing blood began to soak the carpet a deep red.

Kevin hadn't been able to sleep very much since Paul's funeral. It was a closed casket affair. He had heard that the kig had blown half his head off with a.44 Magnum. The young jock just couldn't get that tortured image of Paul out of his mind. He would see him everywhere he went. And when he closed his eyes, those horrid nightmares of the boy's blood-splattered face screaming out in agony would start.

Over and over each night they would always be the same. Paul would slowly appear out of a thick, swirling mist and then begin speaking to him. Kevin knew the words well: "Why did you do this to me? Don't you realize that I loved you? Why did you have to put me through this hell?" The dead boy's slender arms would then open wide, beckoning to him from the grave as that hideous, laughing face came closer. Only after that frightful sequence would the fog-shrouded image fade into nothingness.

Kevin began to seriously question his actions leading up to the slim blond's unnecessary death. Why had he reacted the way that he did when first confronted with the kid's homosexuality? So what if Paul was gay? Why had he been so cruel to him? Had he been trying to mask his own feelings? Why had Paul been so attracted to him in the first place? Was there something gay inside him as well?"

Kevin soon found himself fantasizing each night about how it could have been with Paul. The bed covers would ripple with excitement at the thought of making love to the young blond. Sometimes he even beat off. Why did he have to push Paul over the edge? It all could have been so beautiful! Kevin painfully squinted his burning eyes in a moment of mental anguish. A solitary tear slowly tricked down his tanned cheek. Another soon followed. If only he had it all to do over again...

BACK ISSUES of IN TOUCH

#12 (SEPTEMBER 1974)
Gay Pride 1974. Nick Nolte, Alice Faye. Special reports on "Let My People Come" (with nude cast photos) and "Buster and Billie." Puttin' on the Glitz, coverman John Millious.

#18 (JUNE/JULY 1975)
Glenda Jackson, Grant Tracy Saxon (Michael Kearns), Stonewall, Gays and TV, Polk Street, Natchez, New Orleans, Jason McBride, Sharon Cornelison, Don Slater, coverman Michael Defino, plus Mickey Turner, Todd.

#24 (JULY/AUG. 1976)
Christopher Isherwood, Russ Tamblyn, Wakefield Poole, Haiti, San Francisco, Patricia Nell Warren on "The Front Runner", La Jolla, coverman Bob Buck, plus Michael Walsh, Sal Grange.

#25 (SEPT./OCT. 1976)
Bette Midler, Harry Bush, Gay Teachers, The British Navy, Los Angeles, Howard Hughes and "The Outlaw," Gay Athletes, coverman David George, plus Peter Berlin.

#27 (JAN./FEB. 1977)
Jeff Bridges, William S. Burroughs' "California Men", Pittsburgh, Marilyn Monroe, Miami, J. Brian's Blue World, Melville and Moby Dick, Buns, French Cinema, Parents of Gays, coverman Mark Dube, plus Greg Lane, Steven Jenkins.

#28 (MARCH/APRIL 1977)
David Bowie, James Leo Herlihy, Vancouver, Gymnasts Together, Tom Cooper, Arthur Bell, Doug Latimer, Reg Reidel, coverman Steve Blue, plus Jeffrey, Jack Wrangler, the Christy Twins.

#29 (MAY/JUNE 1977)
Dave Kopay, John Rechy, John Denver, Timothy Bottoms, Salt Lake City, E.M. Forster, Jack Deveau, New Hampshire, Robin Maugham, Richard Lamparski, Rosa von Praunheim, Walt Rinder, coverman Al Parker, plus Larry Zeller, H. Jones Baker III.

#30 (JULY/AUG. 1977)
Burt Reynolds, Michael Ontkean, Van Johnson, The Art of Joe Johnson, Mykonos, Richard Hall, Menage, Washington D.C., Peter de Rome, A.E. Houseman, John Curry, coverman Joe Kramer, plus Gene Thomas, Don Kyle.

#31 (SEPT./OCT. 1977)
Nick Nolte, Larry Kert, Paul Winfield, Joan Crawford, Christopher Marlowe, Amsterdam, Torn and Tattered, coverman Cliff Rogers, plus Ron Thorne, Scott Lanson.

#32 (NOV./DEC. 1977)
John Holmes, Oscar Wilde, Jacques d'Amboise, Austin, New Zealand, San Diego, Robert Cavallaro, San Francisco Cowboys, coverman Michael Viren, plus Aaron Taylor, John Thomas.

#33 (JAN./FEB. 1978)
Nureyev, Steve McQueen, Don Ameche, New Orleans, Hollywood Beefcake, Shaping Up, James Williams, Sex and Drugs, The making of "El Paso Wrecking Company", coverman Frank Martone, plus Marc Wolfe, Bob Green.

#34 (MARCH/APRIL 1978)
The Ten Sexiest Men, Cary Grant, Cheap Trick, Gay Bars: A Slice of the Rainbow, Robert Redding, Seattle, Jack Kerouac Revisited, covermen Dan Jacobs and Steve Dougherty, plus Hal Paul, Raul Castillo.

#35 (MAY/JUNE 1978)
John Travolta, Henry Winkler, Andy Gibb, Houston, Charles Strout, Richard Adkins, Charles Adams, coverman Rod Davidson, plus Randy Blair, Scott Hampton.

#36 (JULY/AUG. 1978)
Keith Carradine, Gore Vidal, Gay Mythology, James Kirkwood, Hawaii, Village People, Come Out Come Out, coverman Michael Royce, plus Thom Amorelli, Mark White.

#37 (SEPT./OCT. 1978)
Robert Wagner, the Alessi Brothers, Disco New York, Norfolk, Leonardo da Vinci, Stockholm, Scott Forbes, Deney Terrio, coverman Pete Hollister, plus Ted Dukane, Juan Estiban.

#38 (NOV./DEC. 1978)
Robert Mitchum, Peter Brown, Wayne Quinn, Horatio Alger, Ryan Boyd, Michael Kearns, Gay Rodeo, London, coverman Jerry Dean, plus Kevin Coaxe, Paul Stokes.

#39 (JAN./FEB. 1979)
Kris Kristofferson, Dublin, Caravaggio, West Hollywood, Face Care, Australian Footballers, Sylvester, coverman Bart O'Malley, plus Danny Melina, Mike Newman, Heinz Gobel.

#40 (MARCH/APRIL 1979)
Jon Voight, Journey, Garicault, Richard Roesener, Ibizia/Sitges, Denver, coverman Mark Harrington, plus Greg Alden, Tom Ellis.

#41 (MAY/JUNE 1979)
Ryan O'Neal, Sarah Dash, Sexiest Men: Our Readers' Choice, Ian Whitcomb, Hart Crane, Portland, Denver, Ray Caviano, coverman Jim Rogers, plus Nick Rogers, John Dillon.

#42 (JULY/AUG. 1979)
Perry King, Cole Porter, Larry Hart, Nephi, Keith Barrow, Australian Surf Lifeguards, Guy Corry, Cruising South to Atlanta, coverman Lloyd Lebow, plus Shaun Benson, Don Martell.

#43 (SEPT./OCT. 1979)
Robby Benson, Edward II, Richard Boetger, Tod Foster, Andrew Robinson, Brighton, Rollerskating Craze, coverman Tim Kramer, plus Dick Miller, Sonny Josephs, Andrew Robinson.

#44 (NOV./DEC. 1979)
Dayton Ka'Ne, Taka Boom, H.G. Wright, Lawrence of Arabia, San Francisco, Lacrosse, Make-up, Ross Salomone, coverman Todd Denson, plus Billy Harrison, Hank Owens.

#45 (JAN./FEB. 1980)
Marlon Brando, New York, Hawaii's Roughwater Swim, Frederick Combs, Diaghilev, Self Defense, Michael Lloyd, Siegfried and Roy, coverman Gordon Grant, plus Jerry Stevenson, Christopher James.

#46 (MARCH/APRIL 1980)
Somerset Maugham, David Niven, Water Polo, France Joli, Florida, Tom of Finland, Ted Shawn, coverman Kip Noll, plus Andrew Tracy, Keith Mason.

#47 (MAY/JUNE 1980)
Mike Farrell, Quentin Crisp, Anthony Dowell, Rugby, Steven Arnold, Reb Brown, Lorenzo Lamas, Dean-Paul Martin, Michelangelo's Men, Dallas, coverman Damian D'Mario, plus Scott Anderson, Alan Davis.

#49 (SEPT./OCT. 1980)
Natural Men, Triathlon in Hawaii, Roger Moore, Las Vegas, Manhunt A to Z, Skatt Brothers, Color Me Hung, James M. Barrie, coverman Rex Johnson, plus Chris Silberhorn, Todd Brocke.

#51 (JANUARY 1981)
Gay Rodeo in Reno, Best Chest in the West, Mark Hamill, Facelifts for Men, Caring for Leather, Tom of Finland, coverman Jake Burnett, Brian Scott, Jeff Wells, Kevin Meurnier.

#52 (FEBRUARY 1981)
Men of Australia, Sexual Psychology of Color, Mud Wrestling, Prince Charles, Military Discharge, Angel Babies, coverman Marlo, plus Reggie Church, Jack Nicholson, Mark Stevens.

#53 (MARCH 1981)
Richard Gere, Sex in Prison, How to Pick Up the Bartender, Naked on Madison Avenue, 1980 Men Revisited, Whitewater Rafting, Tom of Finland, coverman Kirby Scott, plus Mickey Squires, Chris Walker, Andy De Rosa.

#54 (APRIL 1981)
Chris Atkins, Sex Life of Tarzan, Sexercise, Meat, Rio, City Men/Jungle Men, Tom of Finland, coverman Tony Hill plus Tommy Valpoon, Michael Bedard, Bob Grimes.

#55 (MAY 1981)
Casting Couch: Mr. Starr, Salute to Sailors, Gay & in the Navy, Evita auditions, Michel Serrault, Melville & Hawthorne, Tom of Finland, coverman Brad Davis, plus Adam Bludder, Steve Foster, Carl Flores.

#56 (JUNE 1981)
Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights, Strippers!, Vanessa Redgrave, The Daddy Mystique, "Happy Father's Day", Gay Parade Book, Our Heritage of Pride, Tom of Finland, coverman Joe Davis, plus Fred Halsted, Mark Ramsey, Tallulah the dog.

#57 (JULY 1981)
Summer Sports Spectacular, The Boys at the Beach, The 10 Sexiest Men in Sports, Tom of Finland, coverman Christian De Vito, plus Billy Bop, Don Bishop, Gregg Strom.

#58 (AUGUST 1981)
Hollywood as a State of Mind, Legend Drinks, The Films of Crotch, The Gay Filmography, Hooray for Hollywood, Tom of Finland, coverman Jean-Robert Le Cocq, plus Zoltan, Glenn Denard, Curtis Robbins.

#59 (SEPTEMBER 1981)
Back to School Issue, Freshmen Wrestlers, Those Naughty Naughty Schoolboys, In Touch Sex Poll, Memories of a Naked Boyhood, Tom of Finland, coverman Peter, plus Robert Cooper, Tex Murdock, Charlie Cross.

#60 (OCTOBER 1981)
Salute to Leathermen, The Etiquette of the Gloryhole, Searching the World for Mr. Right, Washington D.C. Call Boy, Tom of Finland, coverman Paulo, plus Boyd Turner, Mike Kane, Pan (Val Martin).

#61 (NOVEMBER 1981)
The 10 All-time Favorite In Touch Men, The Sex Life of Mermen, Swimmer Bodies, Erotic Foods, Straight Women & Gay Men, Gay Men & Straight Women, Tom of Finland, coverman Patrick Fitzwilly, plus Peter English, Bo Richards, David Dobbs.

#62 (DECEMBER 1981)
Special All-Model Issue: The Twelve Men of Christmas, with coverman Harley Cantrell, plus Paul Cameron, Marvin, Kip Noll, Jimmy Metz, Jason, Steve Tracy, Jeff Green, Branch Lester, Bo Richards, Merek Flint, Paul Seaton, and Tom of Finland in full color.

#63 (JANUARY 1982)
Fiction by Gore Vidal, Bodybuilders as Art, D.H. Lawrence and His Men, Are Diamonds Still a Boy's Best Friend?, Myra Breckinridge's Unauthorized Tour of Southern California, Tom of Finland, coverman Tom Le Duc, plus Lucky, Ken Hoffman, Thom Bailey.

#64 (FEBRUARY 1982)
Valentines' Issue: Tony Danza at the Gym, The Care and Feeding of a Lover, The Lovers' Quiz, A Walt Whitman Valentine, The Stars in Heaven, Tom of Finland, covermen John and Kevin, plus Bruce Smith, Brock, Jeff Cameron and Danny.

#65 (MARCH 1982)
Return to Oz: Australian Surf Lifeguards Revisited, Sex Poll Results, Modelmania, How to Pick Up Flight Attendants, Quiet Good Taste, Tom of Finland, coverman John King, plus Giuseppe Welch, John Taylor, Thom Bailey.

#66 (APRIL 1982)
Special April Fools issue, featuring "In Touch Enquires," our lampoon of sleazy journalism, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Kurt Schneider, Eric Anthony, Joey Recupero, Andy Cassidy.

#67 (MAY 1982)
"La Dolce Vita" issue: Gay Paparazzi, How to Talk Dirty in Italian, Fellini's Men, Tribute to Lex Barker, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Romulus, plus Nando, Julio and Phil.

#68 (JUNE 1982)
Summer Vacation issue: Pool Party!, Movie Stars in Swim Suits featuring Scott Baio, Willie Aames, Lorenzo Lamas, Robert Conrad, Clint Eastwood, Alain Delon & many more, Paris When It Sizzles, Celebrity Paper Dolls, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Peter Joshua, plus Ron Pearson, John Erich, David Lee.

#69 (JULY 1982)
Science Fiction issue featuring All Blond Models: Darth Vader Unmasked, Robot Sex Slaves, The Sexiest Men in Comics, Gay Life in the Year 2500, Blonds from Outer Space, The Endangered Blond, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Mark Solo, plus Hans Baker, Tim Nolte, Ted Alexander and the return of David Miller.

#70 (AUGUST 1982)
Matt Dillon — a photo tribute, Boxing as a Turn-on, A Guide to Male Movie Nude Scenes, Photos by Christopher Makos, Photos by George Platt Lynes, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Hal, plus David, Joe, Marco.

#71 (SEPTEMBER 1982)
Back to School: Fun With Dick, How to Pick Up a Construction Worker, How to Give the Ultimate Blowjob, How to Come Out, Oral Exams, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Geoffrey Carrington, plus Sparky, Tommy Jones, Robbie, Mike Gore.

#72 (OCTOBER 1982)
Fantasy!: Steve Reeves — a photo tribute, When Gods Collide, Centaurs, Our Favorite Werewolves, "I Saw What You Did, Christina", Be My King Kong, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Apollo Benetti, plus Joe Porcelli, Bob Kidd, Ulysses Grant.

#73 (NOVEMBER 1982)
Anniversary Special: Down Memory Lane with Your Favorite Models, Joe Johnson's Boys, A History of Gay Physique Art, Great Moments from In Touch, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Scotty Novak, plus Willie Martin, Brett Cadden, Lee Brubaker.

#74 (DECEMBER 1982)
Christmas Special: The Gay Olympics with 18 pages of photos, interviews with Divine, Glenn Turner, George Frenn & Richard Hunter, Classic lockerroom photos, New Years Tips, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverperson Divine, plus nude centerfolds Tom, Pat Fuller, O.J., Joe Bali, David, Van Reynolds, Santa Claus.

#75 (JANUARY 1983)
Winter Hot-spots: Marlo's San Juan, The Men of Hawaii, Cruising Puerto Vallarta, Kicking Cannes, When Gays Travel, "Skin Diving", Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Lance, plus Luis, Jake and Sonny.

#76 (FEBRUARY 1983)
Heartbreakers issue: Secret Languages of Men — Sexual Slang from Prison, the Military and Sign Language, George Quaintance, Bill Miller by George Platt Lynes, True Romance, "The Bernini Dancer", Patricia Nell Warren on the "Front Runner" movie, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, full color Tom of Finland, coverman Skip Simms, plus Mike Logan, Antonio Grande, Bill Bedford.

#77 (MARCH 1983)
Sex & Men & Rock & Roll!: Street Rocking, Confessions of a Gay Groupie, Record Jacket Beefcake, The Sexiest Men in Rock, *Tiger Heat* with "Beat the Meatles", John Sex Interview, Sting, Iggy Pop, "Pedro", Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Peter Berlin, plus Rick Draper, Nakasisa, Dan Silva.

#78 (APRIL 1983)
Lorenzo Lamas, Fa-a-a-a-abulous Faces, April Showers, Tuning in to "New Wave Theater", Some Like It Hot But I'll Take Sweden, "Truckin'", Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Buddy Singer, plus Wink Davis, Monty Gilbert, Alberto Hernandez.

#79 (MAY 1983)
Jocks & Sports & Balls & Speedos & Wrestlers & More: Male Movie Nudes Update: Chris D & the Flesh Eaters: Battle of the Network Studs with Tom Selleck, Andrew Stevens, Gregory Harrison & Leif Garrett, Edmund White Interview, How to Pick Up a Gym Instructor, Pacific Hockey League Memoirs, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Danny Bask, plus Joe Tolbe, Michael Christopher, Smitty Rose.

#80 (JUNE 1983)
Muscle Beach Party: Surfer Mythology, Muscling in On Venice Beach, Tips On Tricking, Beach Feet, Dieter Schidor and "Querelle", Michael Ely of Red Wedding, Sal Mineo's Workout, "Dawn Song", Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Bob Webb, plus Lance Whitman, Griff Baines, Louis Ross.

#81 (JULY 1983)
"Eat It!" issue: Candid surfer nudes, interviews with John James, Peter Barton, Victor Bumbalo & Jim Van Tyne, TV Idols ("Goodnight, Rick Nelson..."), Gregg Strom's painted-on jeans, David Rostamo, "Lunch With Derrick," Tom of Finland, coverman Clark Wade, plus Clayton Collins, Kent Brandon, Walter Redd.

#82 (AUGUST 1983)
"Long Hot Summer" issue: Southern Gothic, A Summer Place (Provincetown, Fire Island, Russian River), Cruising Tulsa, An Afternoon With David Hockney, Playing With David Roche, How To Find a Gay Doctor — And Why, "Company Picnic," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Bill Henson, plus Bob Varner, Damian Pollitt, Bruce Bjorn.

JEAN ROBERT LE COCQ *ISSUE #58*

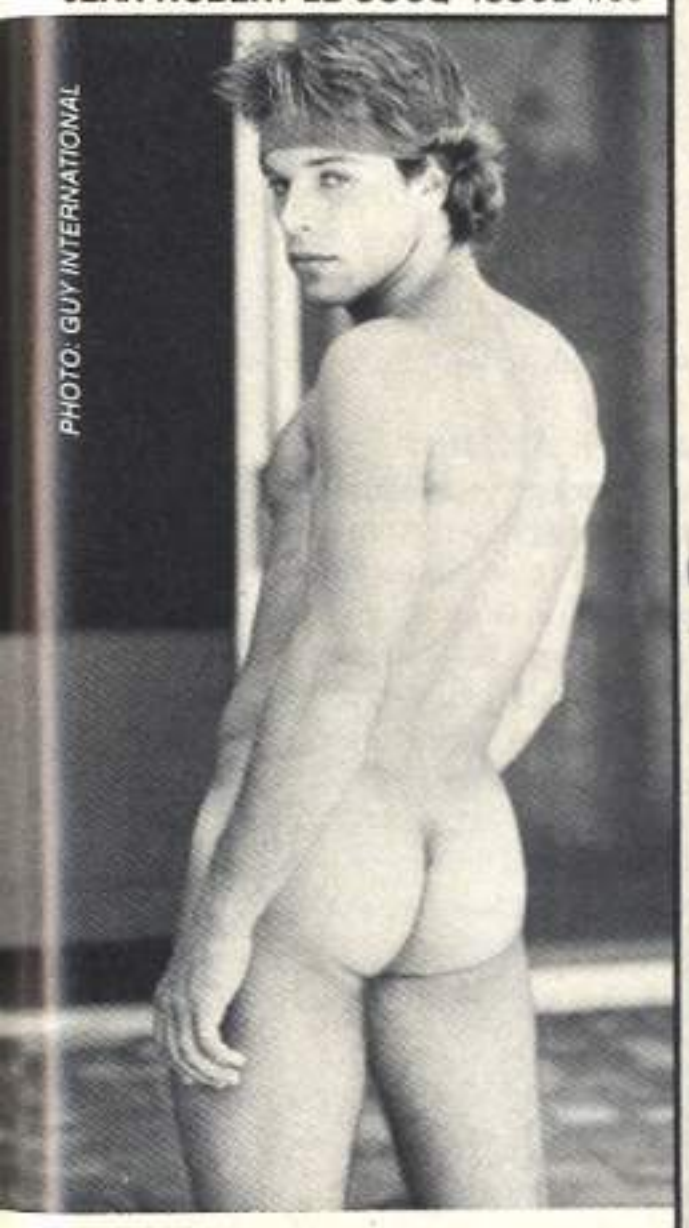


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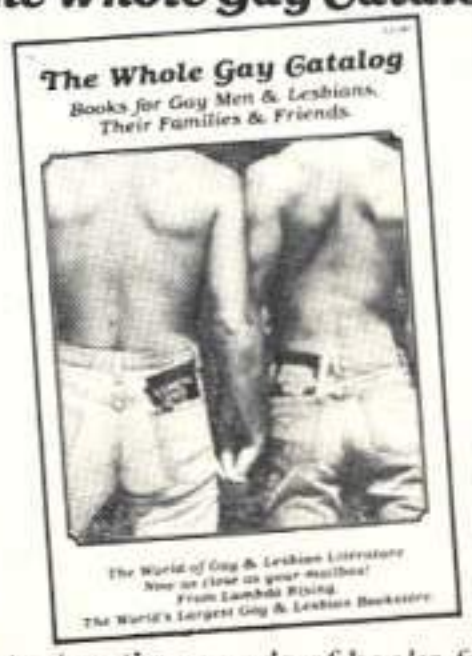
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LETTERS

(continued from page 22)

whose publicity would have you believe they are super-straight. We wish we could name names, but... Thanks for the info on Luke Halpin. A couple of readers wrote to us swearing that Luke did some nudes a few years ago. We are in the process of trying to obtain them. Keep your fingers crossed – or whatever.

DENNIS AND DACK

Thanks for the great listing of movie nude scenes (#70) and for the recent update (#79). Now how about a complete list of Hollywood hunks and soap stars who have bared it all for magazines. I have been told that actors like Dennis Cole and Dack Rambo have been featured in magazines, but no one I know has seen either of those two studs. Danny Bask was great but my favorite still is Paulo. Any chance that either will be in TOO HOT TO HANDLE?

S.T.
Atlanta, GA

Danny will, Paulo won't. We should be able to come up with a shot of Dennis Cole sometime soon. We've never heard of Dack Rambo doing it, but we're nuts about him (and had lunch with him a couple of years ago, pant pant), so we'll try to get the details.

"LIZA WITH A Z, NOT..."

Thumbing through your issue #81 while thinking about whether or not to renew my subscription, I came across your spread (no pun intended) on Greg Strom. It was a real blast! I shot a wad before I got completely through it. I'm pretty sure that Greg affects a lot of your readers the same way. He's sexy and seems to know just how to turn us on. It would be great to see more of him in future issues. By the way, I am renewing my subscription for at least *ten* years. Keep up the good show! Sincerely,

Chet Pryor
Laurel, MD

Thanks for giving us an opportunity to get the spelling on Gregg's name right once and for all. We spelled it wrong in #81, and spelled it differently (but wrong) in our back issue ad. That's Gregg with three G's and Strom with one M. As for more photos – see issue #57, and/or see the ad for Brix (Gregg's mallorder outfit) in the Meatmarket section of this issue.

DIRTY FOR DANNY

You featured a pretty, cock-suckin' lover boy in issue #79, Danny Bask. I must know if Danny is gay. He really gets my cock to hurtin'... FUCK MY ASS, DANNY... this virgin is looking to feel your hot, stiff cock pumping my tight virgin ass; and my lips taste your sweet fuck juice as you ram your rod down my throat! You must be my first fuck, Danny. I couldn't do it with anyone else now that I've seen you. IN TOUCH, could you please list any and all films/publications the boy has made?... Danny is tops!! Thank you

(continued on page 78)

NITE LIFE



LOS ANGELES: Jennifer Richards and Lu Leonard of *Women Behind Bars* pay a visit to Studio One in full costume.

LOS ANGELES: Marty Locke backstage at the Mr. Black Gay California contest at super-disco Catch One.

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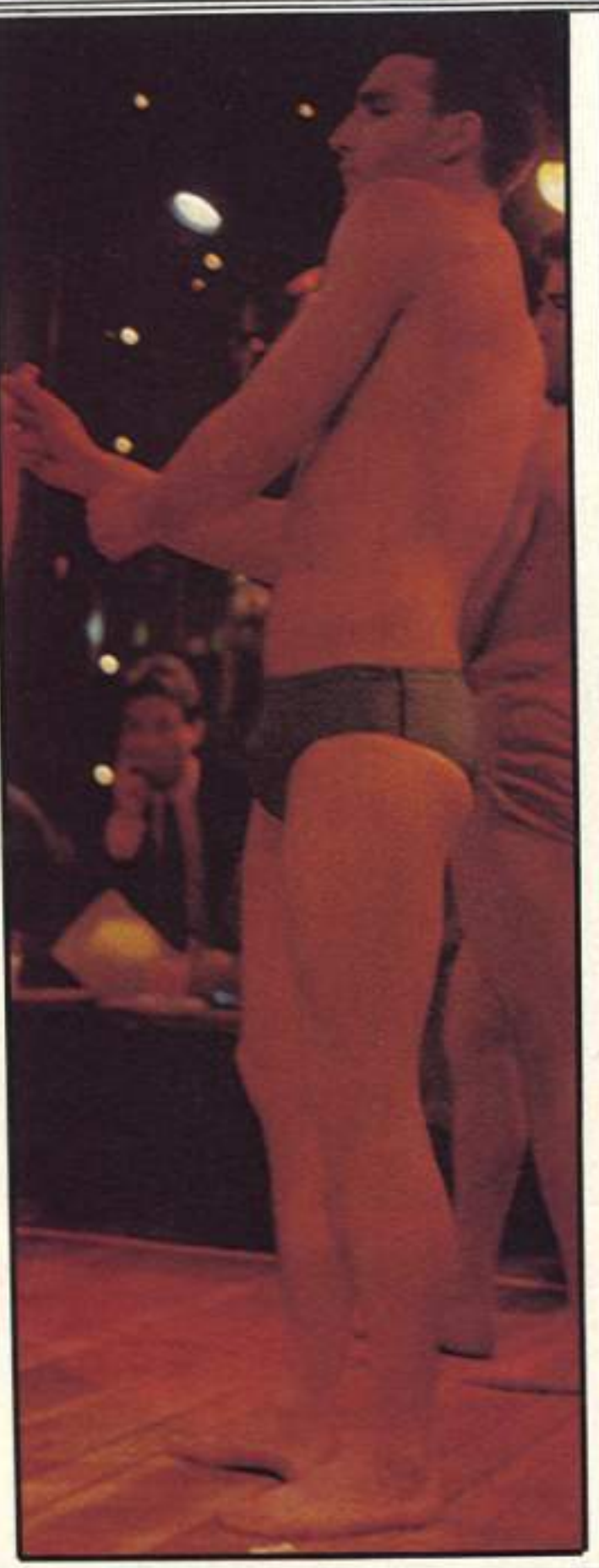
LOS ANGELES: Contestants in a wet shorts contest celebrating the first anniversary of One, a popular bar in the Melrose district.

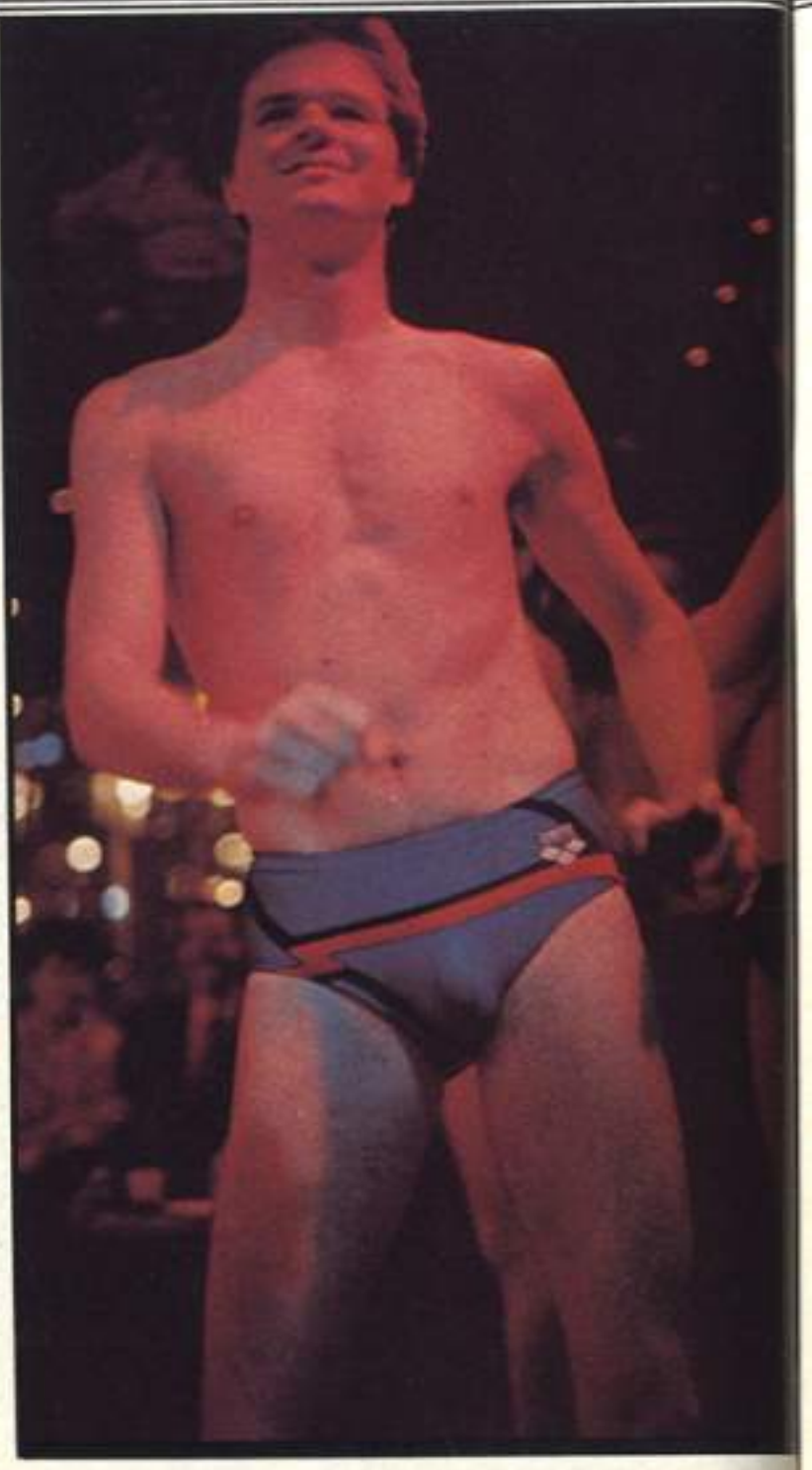
PHOTOS BY ROSE



PHOTOS BY LYNDA BURDICK

LOS ANGELES: Models in a malewatchers' fashion show at Victoria Station in Universal City Studios.





TORONTO: The cast of the highly successful gay revue, *Fruit Cocktail*, at the Ryerson Theatre —proving that we do indeed run photos from places outside Los Angeles.



RICHARD PLOWRIGHT



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LETTERS

(continued from page 72)

for showing me Danny . . . P.S. Don't forget — is Danny gay, and be damn specific!

Gary
Salt Lake City, UT

Are you sure you're a virgin? You sure don't talk like one. In any case, Danny describes himself as straight (as far as his past experience goes), but he obviously enjoys the attentions of men as well. He's young, so who knows what the future might bring? Aside from his IN TOUCH shoot, Danny has posed for Athletic Model Guild – under the name "Danny Servier" – both alone and with his real-life cousin Eric Von Brook. AMG offers 160 solo shots and 203 duals (slides: $10.00 for 12; prints: $20.00 for 12 3x5's). They also have films ($14.00 solo; $25.00 wrestling his Von Brook) and video tapes (2-hours, solo or dual, $125.00 each). Send your requests to AMG (1834 West 11th Street, Dept. IT, Los Angeles, CA 90006).



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PAGING MR. LAMPARSKI...

Of all the magazines (let them be nameless) IN TOUCH is the Best! Please keep the *same* format. And please have an in-depth photo story on Ed Fury and Lizabeth Scott. Would also like to see photos and stories on Helmut Berger, Richard Beymer and Geoffrey Horne—whatever became of them? I know every time I saw them I got horny. Keep UP the good work,

P.J.H.
Miami, FL

Once again, Richard (Whatever Became Of...?) *Lamparski has come to our rescue, supplying us with a recent photo of Ed Fury as well as the following information: (1) Ed Fury lives in Hollywood, is still available for movie work, and claims to have invested the money from his gladiator-movie days so well that he doesn't really have to work; current occupation (in his own words): star. (2) Lizabeth Scott still does occasional personal*

appearances, drives a nice classic Jaguar (she obviously invested wisely) and can frequently be seen shopping at Hollywood's primo health food store, Quinn's. (3) Helmut Berger still works constantly, although most of his European-made films never find U.S. release. (4) Richard Beymer—best remembered for West Side Story*—works primarily as a film editor, but has recently completed an acting job in Canada and struck up a friendship with producer Allan Carr which could easily lead to other screen appearances. (5) Geoffrey Horne—that gorgeous guy from* Bridge On the River Kwai *and* Bonjour Tristesse*—has apparently disappeared from the acting scene. Mr. Lamparski said that he last saw his name on a major film as Continuity Consultant. If Geoffrey Horne would like to contact us, we'd be pleased to fill you in on his other recent credits. Thanks, P.J.H.—and thanks, Richard Lamparski!*

THE LEX BARKER LETTER-OF-THE-MONTH (SEVERELY EDITED)

In bookstores, I saw books with the titles *The Joy of Sex, More Joy of Sex, The Joy of Lex, More Joy of Lex* — what I really want to read is *The Joy of Lex Is the Joy of Sex*, a book filled with photos of this handsomest hunk... The Louvre Museum has Mona Lisa, I.T. has Lex Barker! We want more photos of him!

Jerry Campbell
New York, NY

Well, that's all we needed to hear...

THAT LAW MAN

Your list of John Phillip Law films (letters #81) left out *Attack Force Z* (Australian, 1981), which often turns up on cable channels. His gorgeous face can be seen in almost every scene (his body, unfortunately, stays covered most of the time). The movie isn't bad either, if you can keep from drooling over him long enough to pay attention to it. Love,

Rick Harley
Los Angeles, CA

We also left out Hurry Sundown, Skidoo, Danger: Diabolik, The Hawaiians, The Love Machine, *and lots more. And – correction upon correction – we unfortunately "corrected" the spelling of his middle name in last month's issue, only to find out that we had it right the first time. Where will it all end?*



IT'S OFFICIAL!

As we all know, San Francisco is Gay Mecca. But did you know the "San Francisco Cruising Center" is in Sausalito, not San Francisco? Here's a photo to prove it... Luv,

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THE MUMS

(continued from page 67)

That was a hell of a show you gave here. I was expecting just the three of you and got this whole production. It was amazing.

ROY: We don't make money doing our live shows.

That's what happened with the Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo. There were fourteen or fifteen of them, so they finally had to cut it down to eight and dropped the Cab Calloway material and the elaborate costumes, and they became a simple rock and roll band.

ALBIE: One of the original Mystic Knights, Jan Monroe, was in the show you saw here — in the wrestling piece.

Albie, I have to ask you — what did you do that "scandalized the Magic Castle" [a private club for magicians in Hollywood]? I saw that in your bio.

ALBIE: Well, Mary Lou Vozza — the girl who plays the Lizard Queen in our show — and I put together a magic act while Roy was doing Ionesco's *Tales*. I never really liked the Magic Castle that much because it's real conservative, stuffy. Everybody does the same tricks every night. These days, magic is usually just a gimmick to work on your comedy routines. It's lost what it originally had. When I was a kid, I used to fantasize about playing there because I imagined this spooky old place — like their posters — real magic. So I was disillusioned when I first worked there a few years ago. I didn't fit in.

ROY: Magic has become a vehicle for getting booked in Vegas. They want it to be safe. The owners underestimate the audience.

ALBIE: So I put together an act as a German turn-of-the-century vampire. Mary Lou played Oskar, my little mongoloid brother. I was producing little birds that looked like vultures and twisting their heads off, and she would produce little flowers. It was very Grand Guignol — macabre — very tongue in cheek. I had factions behind me saying, "Aw, kid, I know everyone else hates you but I think you're great." The owner of the Magic Castle and a couple of the older magicians said they really liked it, but a lot of people were really upset. I used fake blood, I did the razor blade bit, I had my weird birds instead of doves, I bit the head off one and put it back — like I did in the act you saw. It was the talk of the Castle.

ROY: There are good points about Vegas and the Magic Castle — the sense of timing and showmanship. But normally they will be camp about their subject matter. I've seen them do an Aztec ritual, where they're going to behead somebody, but it's played so camp that there's no *fear*. We're more influenced by theater. We try to be convincing, to be good actors. When we did the German act, people were shaking. Now, with the African, we even have friends come backstage and say, "Boy, you've gone too far this time," especially because we take the bird's head off. People actually believe we're doing it! If we were doing it on film or television, it wouldn't bother anybody. But in live theater it's so strong that people are taken in.

In Ben Hur, a famous stuntman — Yakima Canutt — actually gets run over and killed by a chariot. But people look right at it and assume it was an effect, that it was safe because it was a movie. He dies on the screen, but his widow said, "Leave it in — he would have wanted it that way."

ROY: And on the tube, people are inundated with massacres, rape, the worst — on the news! But they come to our show and see fake blood and they get squirmy! And we're nowhere close to Johanna Went [*an L.A. performance artist; see "Nitelife" #79*].

One of the great things about theater and circuses is that there's the possibility that something could go wrong. When it's on TV, you assume nothing horrible will happen because they'd cut it out. I'm sure a lot of people see Albie do the razor blade thing and think "oh my god!"

ROY: Well, we like to take everything as far as we can go.

Didn't I read that you were in *One From the Heart?*

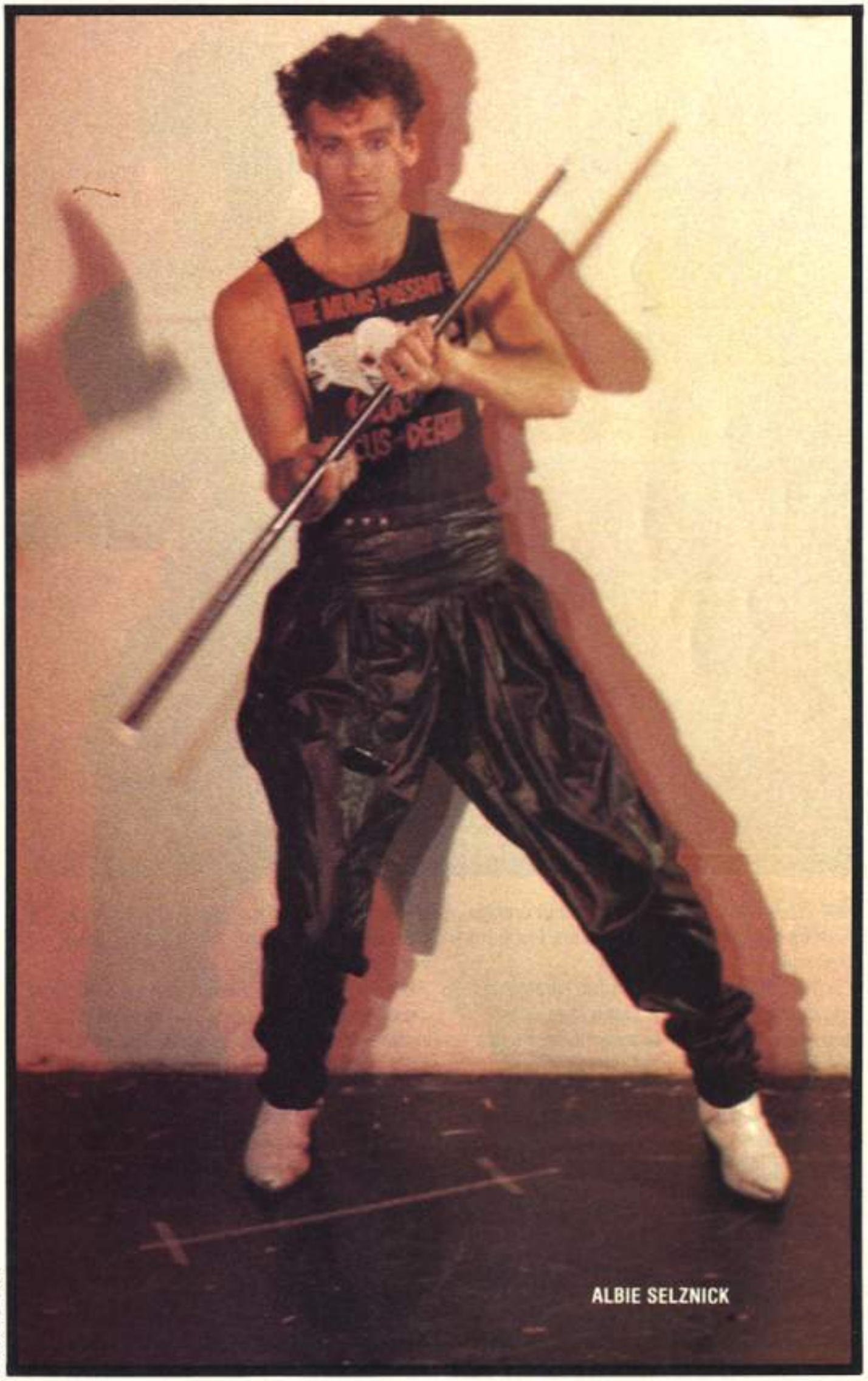
ROY: Yes. I was hired by the choreographer to do ropewalking. But Albie is the best rope walker in town.

ALBIE: He taught me.

ROY: We each have a different style. Albie is amazing.

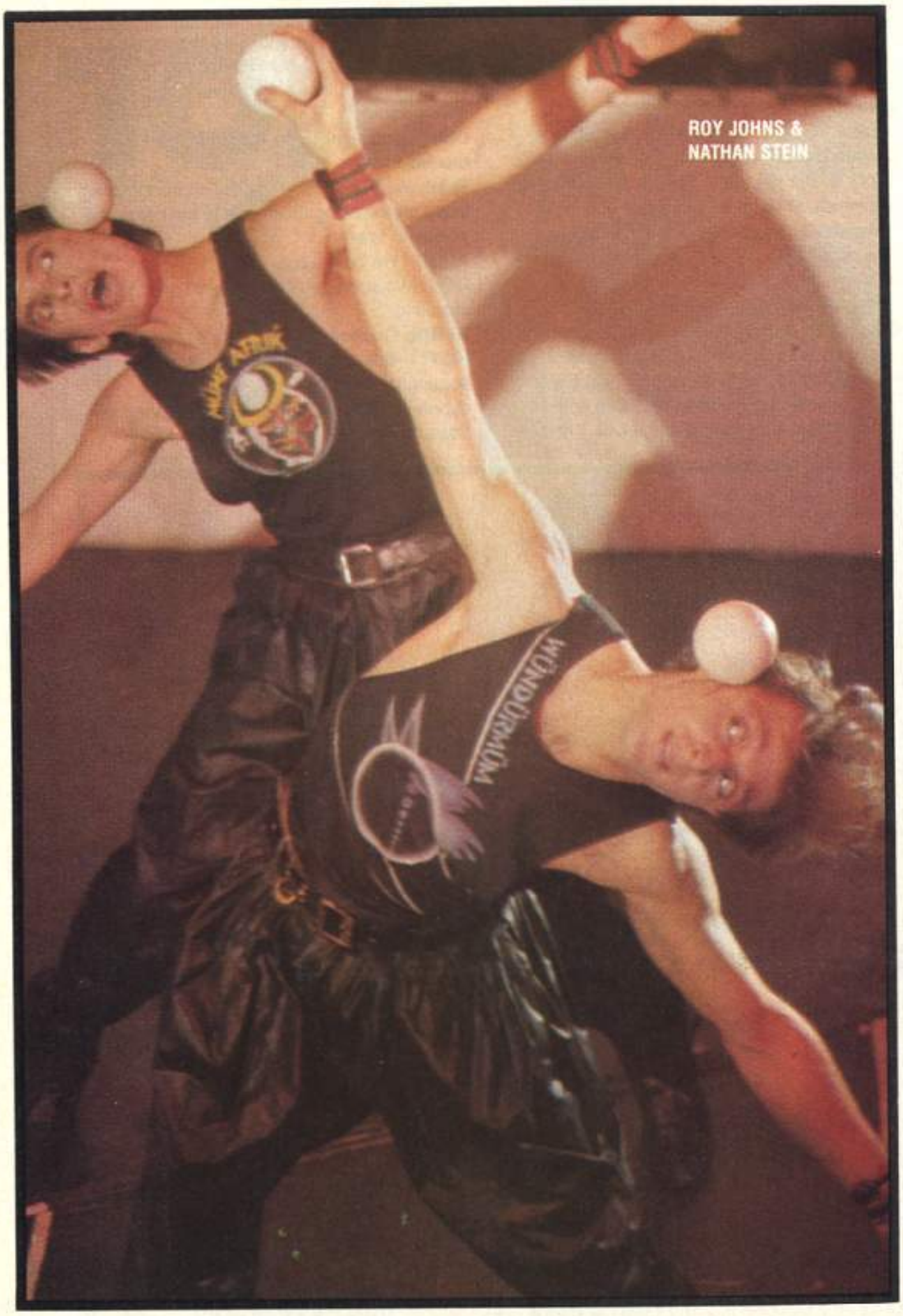
ALBIE: I'm more like a surfer on the rope.

ROY: I walk very upright, more ethereal, just floating up there. Albie is much more dynamic. He makes it look *impossible*. He does splits!



LYNDA BURDICK

ALBIE SELZNICK



LYNDA BURDICK

ALBIE: Roy used to walk with this big orange rod, so he had all these lines, a very Bauhaus kind of style.

ROY: The choreographer wanted Nastassia Kinski to learn my style. It fit the character better. I was her private teacher. She plays a circus character who's running away from her family, and I told her, "You're a very magical character. You should learn to do magic." So I recommended Albie, and they brought him in to teach her slight-of-hand.

ALBIE: She learned really fast. They shot a whole scene of her doing magic with Frederick Forrest but it got cut.

I'm sorry I never got to see that film. They pulled it after a week because Coppola was upset with the distribution deal.

ROY: It'll be back. It's going to be a classic.

One thing you guys have in common with Nastassia Kinski is a very ambiguous sexuality. I like that. And it makes you very attractive to gay audiences.

ROY: If you look at the teens now, what they experience as far as gay and straight — well, in the Fifties it was so divided. You were either gay or not. Then in the Sixties there was such a sexual revolution that — well, I know that *I*, for one, experienced everything there *was* to experience.

Without ever feeling obligated to align yourself with one label or the other.

ROY: Right. In the Seventies it got even more so. What I experienced in the Sixties and Seventies probably influenced Albie's younger brother and my younger friends. David Bowie did Ziggy Stardust ten years ago, but even now, for the Mums to wear make-up still shocks people. We really pour it on. If you're doing Chinese opera it's accepted. If you're ballet it's accepted. But we're cabaret jugglers. People do get confused by our sexuality.

ALBIE: Everybody fantasizes what they want to fantasize. They're projecting. It's very funny sometimes. People come to see us, and the guys go, "Yeah, they're gay — hell, I can tell," and the girls go, "Yeah, they're straight — I can tell." (*laughs*).

ROY: So everyone's curious about our sexuality. I think the Mums are secure in their sexuality.

ALBIE: We're ambiguous, but...

You're not trying to prove anything.

ALBIE: We're just being ourselves, seeing what people *think* we are, what people *do* read into us.

ROY: Yeah, we're flamboyant, we wear make-up...

ALBIE: Homo superior.

ROY: It's interesting — like doing the AIDS benefit [*at the Flamingo club*]. It felt wonderful to be able to help, and it was interesting because the audience was mixed, too — gay men and lesbians together. I think we're going to have more alliances in this decade. And it was a real challenge to work in a lesbian club — 'cause they're coming to *check you out!*

ALBIE: Roy got pinched and stuff. *(laughs)*

This place *(the Olio club)* has a nice mixture of gay and straight, like anybody would be comfortable here. It must be hard for you to find ideal places to play.

ROY: Half the time, we've been playing the rock circuit, and it's hard to find a stage where they're not just seeing you from the waist up.

ALBIE: We got treated like shit. We'd have to dress in the kitchen so the band could have the big dressing room. We didn't get their respect until *after* the show.

ROY: Then they realized how good we were. We made quite an opening act, because we don't waste time. We go on stage and we do it. Every second counts.

It's an intense act. I really sat through it with my mouth hanging open. I wasn't prepared for the spectacle — and the pacing. It never lets us.

ALBIE: It's good having three people, because we can just hit on top of each other.

ROY: Just when one is getting tired out, another one jumps in.

[*At this point, the third member of the Mums, Nathan Stein, arrives with his roommate's dog, Pogo, who appears with Nathan in the current OXO video. We briefly discuss Nathan's role in creating, supervising and editing the Mums' outstanding music tapes. Nathan mentions the Mums' July show,* The Nannies, *at the Los Angeles County Museum and their upcoming appearance on Shelley Duvall's cable series,* Faerie Tale Theater, *The Mums will be in "The Boy Who Had To Find Out About the Shiver," a Grimm Brothers story which will feature Peter MacNichols, Christopher Lee and Frank Zappa. Soon, chaos ensues – and we end the interview to go out for burritos.*]

LIFE IN THE DORMS

(continued from page 38)

dark-skinned chicanos play with their meaty foreskin.

Sometimes when I didn't have an afternoon class, I would make the three-mile trek downtown, to lose myself among the tall skyscrapers of the inner city—and continue my "education." The Arco Plaza was something else, with an occasional horney businessman looking for a quick "nooner." Fantastic!

After all the nice-looking men in their expensive three-piece suits left for their retreats in the cozy San Fernando Valley, the streets of downtown were transformed into a haven for drunks, beggars, pimps and other assorted characters. And no matter where I was, these people were drawn to me like a magnet. They would suddenly strike up a conversation with me, mostly about better times in Oklahoma or wherever they came from. The pimps would ask if I'd ever spent any time in that screwy downtown jail. At first, I didn't understand it. But after I took a good look at myself, the reason became clear. Schoolboy thin, long hair, a few pimples, dressed in faded Levi's, a pullover shirt and old tennies, I looked more like a typical teenager street whore than I did a college student. I could have passed for sixteen, easy. And when I finally made it over to West Hollywood, my wildest suspicions were confirmed.

Most of the time, I would cruise the Sunset Strip with friends, just after dusk, when the street boys come out to ply their trade. I'll never forget all those middle-aged men eyeing our teenage asses as we passed one nameless bar after another, in search of a little hot action. We would always split up to facilitate things. And when we all met again later that night, at least one member of our group had usually managed to turn a fifty dollar trick!

The real professionals, however, were a sad lot. Most looked fifteen or sixteen. All were visibly undernourished. Some openly displayed fresh needle marks on their slender arms. Street hustling is not a glamorous life. Most of their customers were older men, maybe around fifty or sixty years old, although sometimes a college boy would come along. The hustlers didn't care whose cock they sucked, who sucked theirs, or who fucked their slim asses. One street kid claimed he made five hundred bucks in one night. Hell, I even heard about Beverly Hills millionaries who sent their chauffered limousines down to the Strip to pick up their favorite boys! Since my friends an I became familiar faces in the area, we always got a few offers from the regular johns. But I'm not going to incriminate myself in print—yet!

For all my street escapades in and around the USC campus, I was "assaulted" only once—by a group of UCLA students out to bash a few USC Trojans before the big game. Those circle-jerks thought it was absolutely hilarious when they doused me from head to toe with water. Just how do you explain yourself to your roomie, coming home soaking wet on a clear starry night? We got even at the Coliseum, though, and the Trojans emerged victorious. Fuck the Bruins! Trojans make better lovers anyway! And I'll glady prove it!

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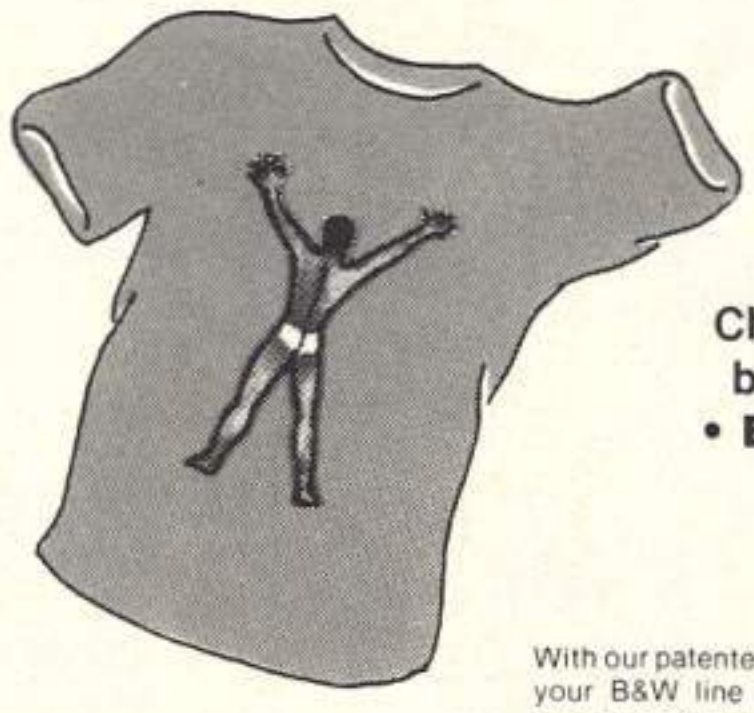
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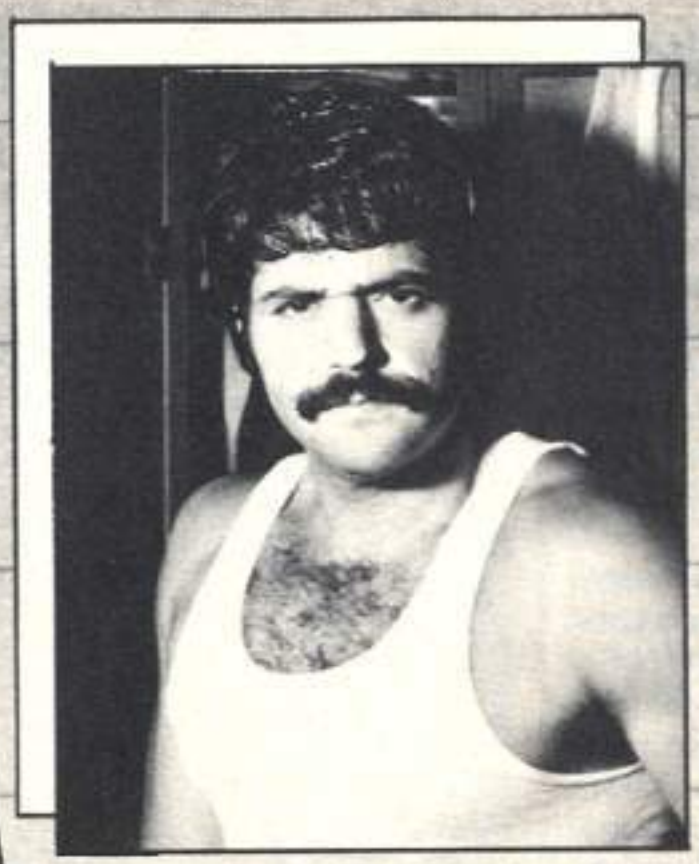
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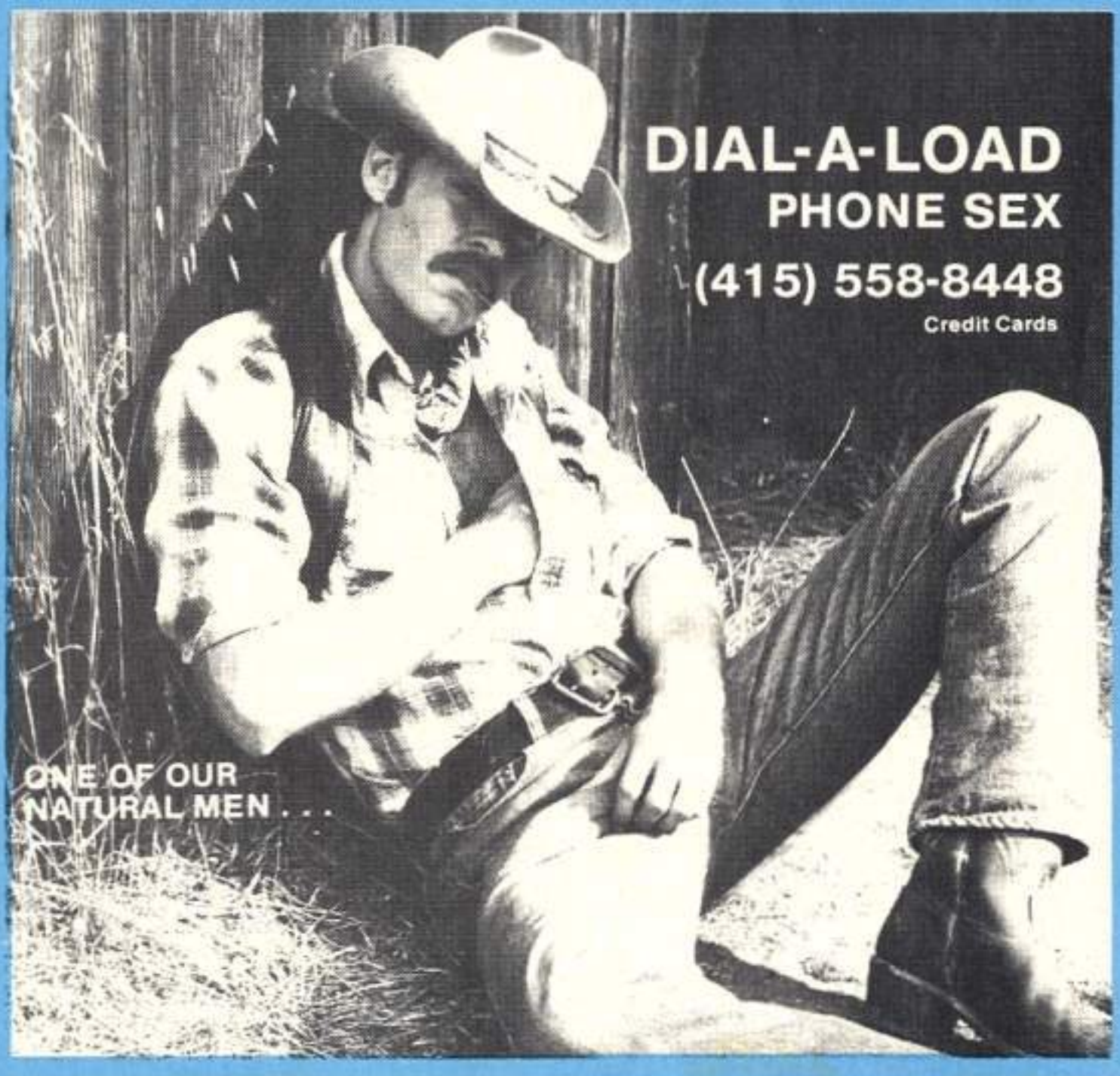
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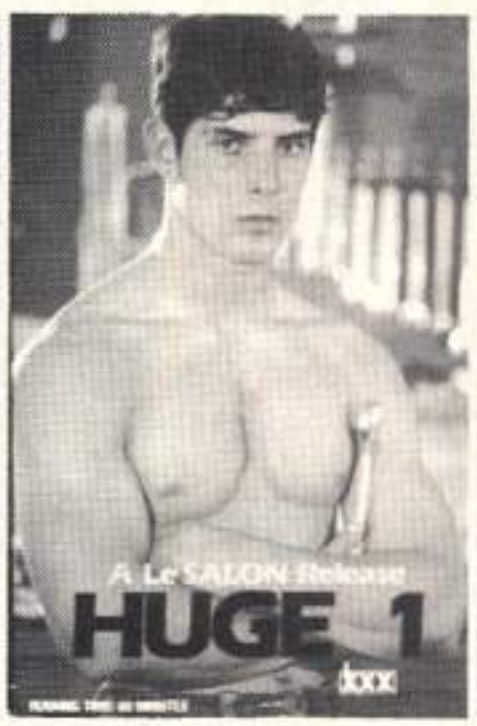


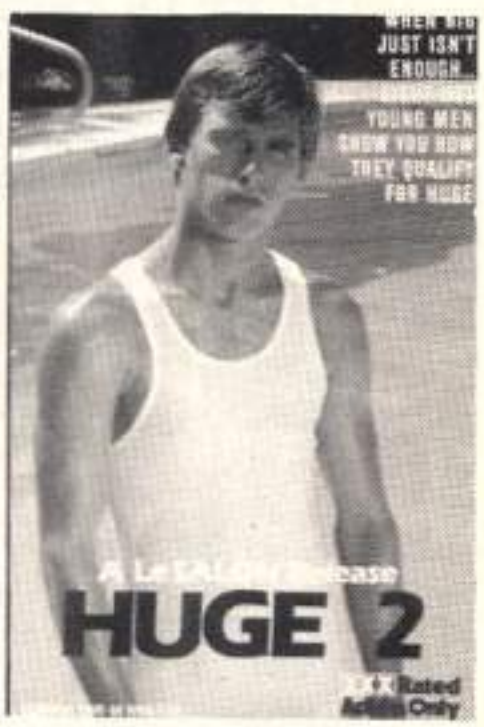












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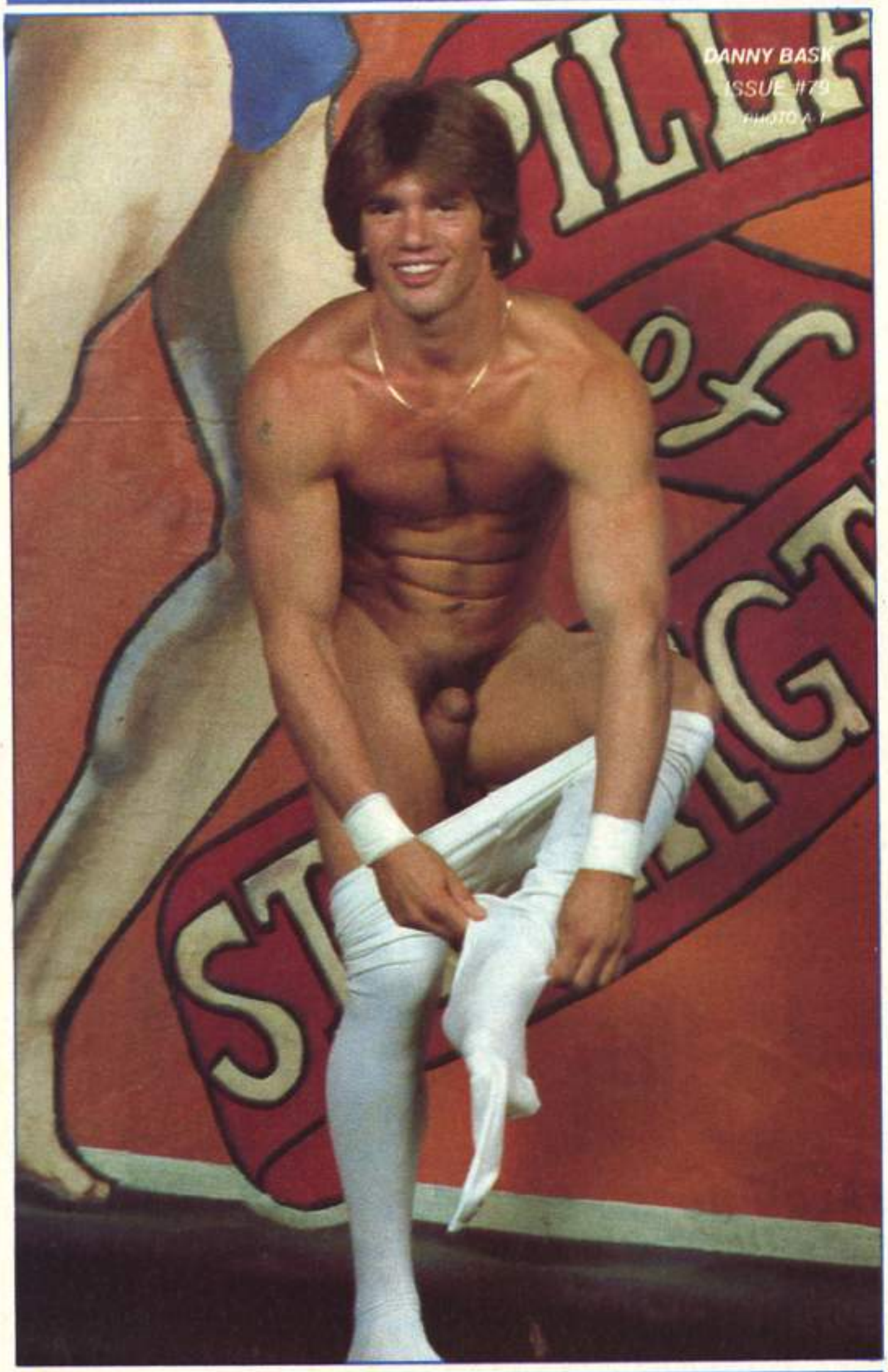
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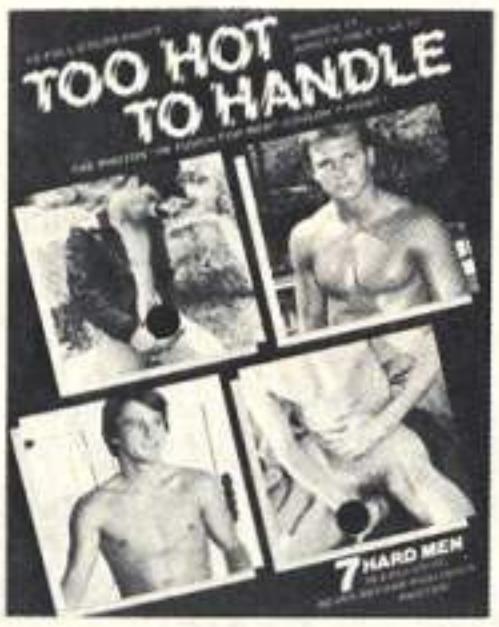


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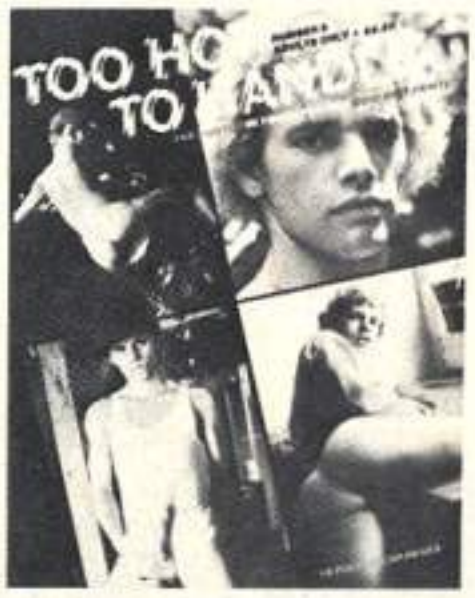
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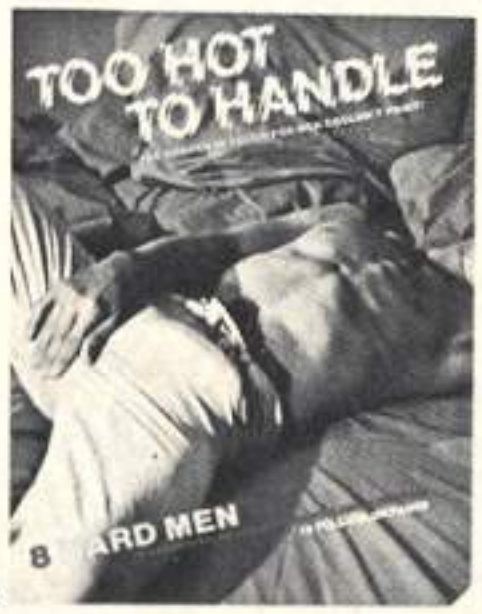
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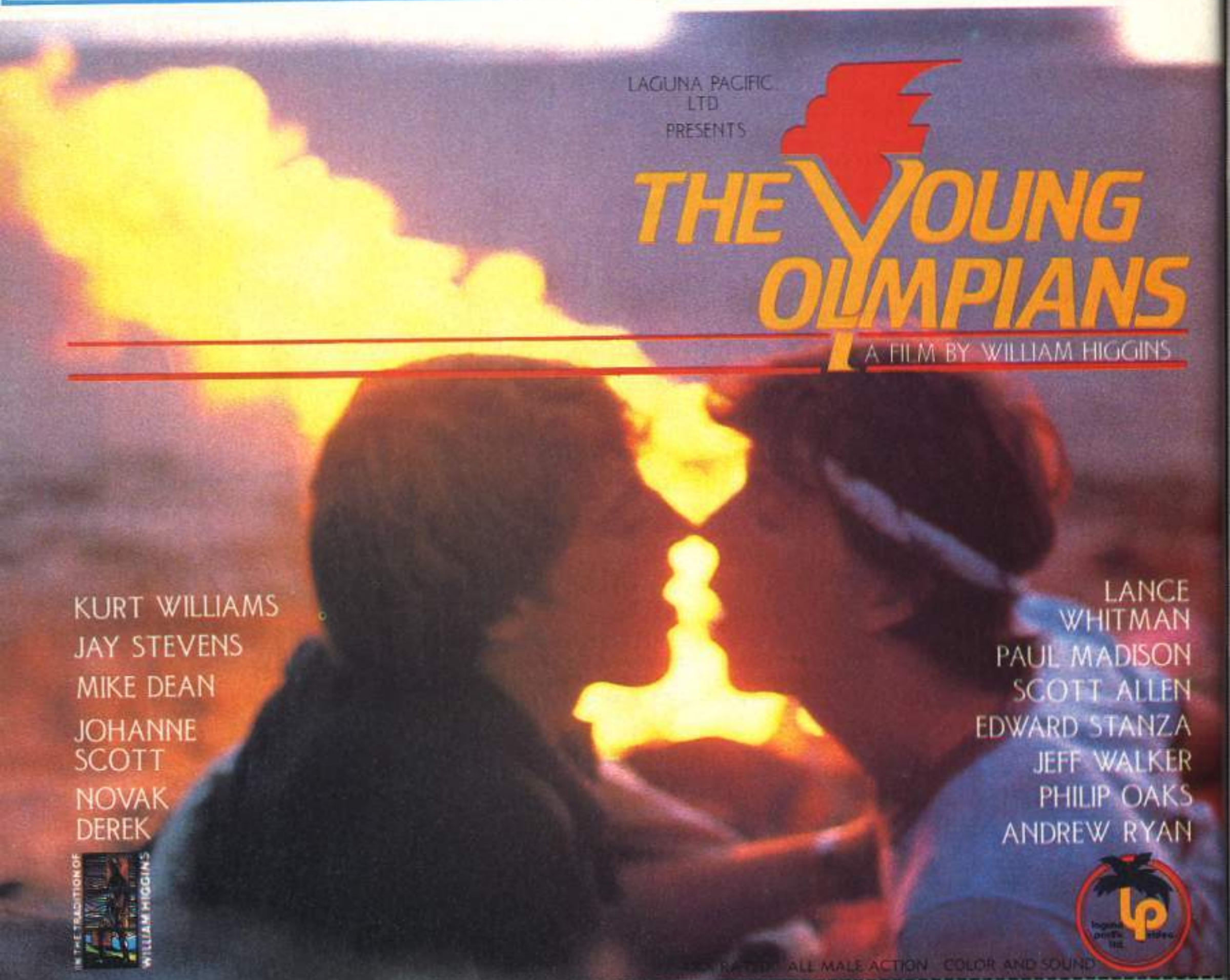
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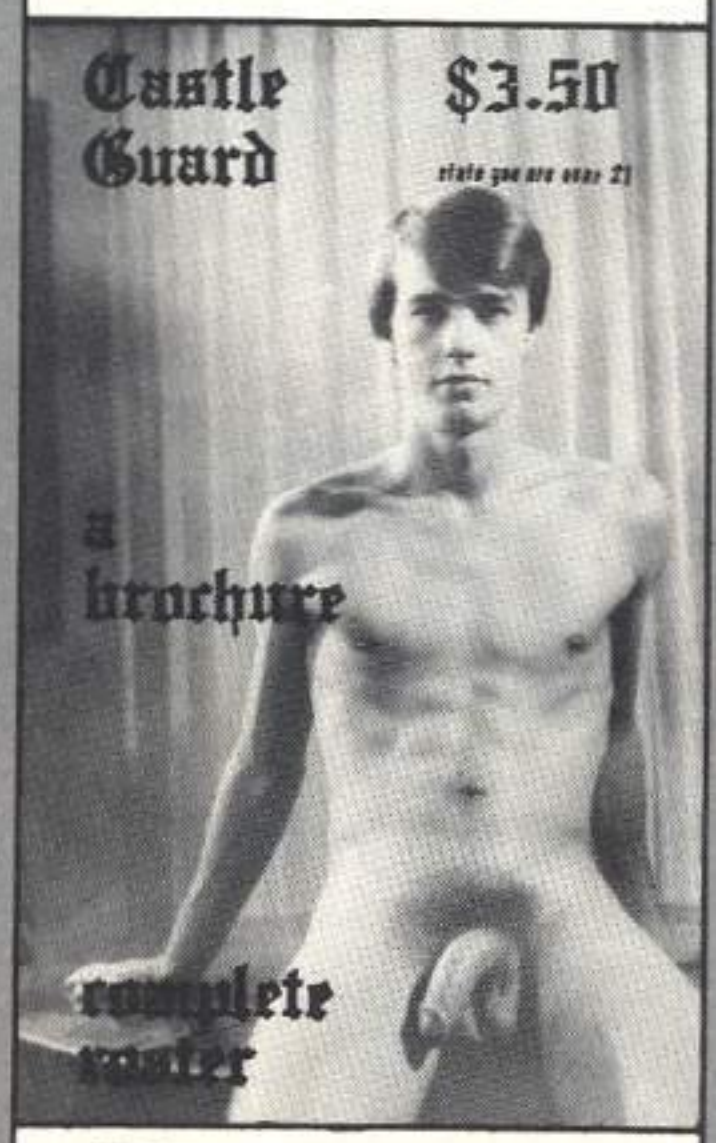
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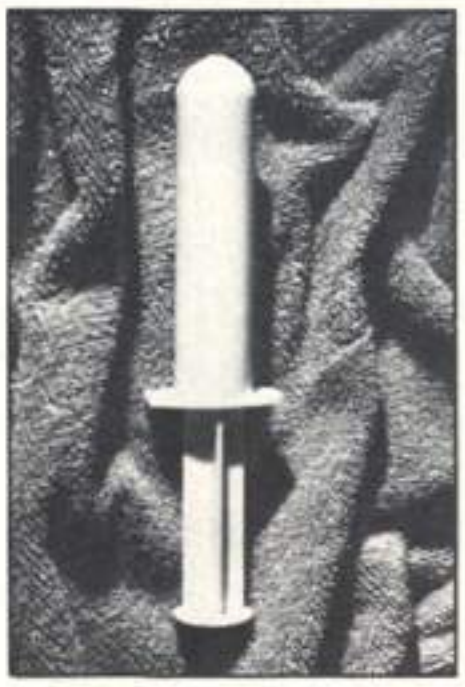
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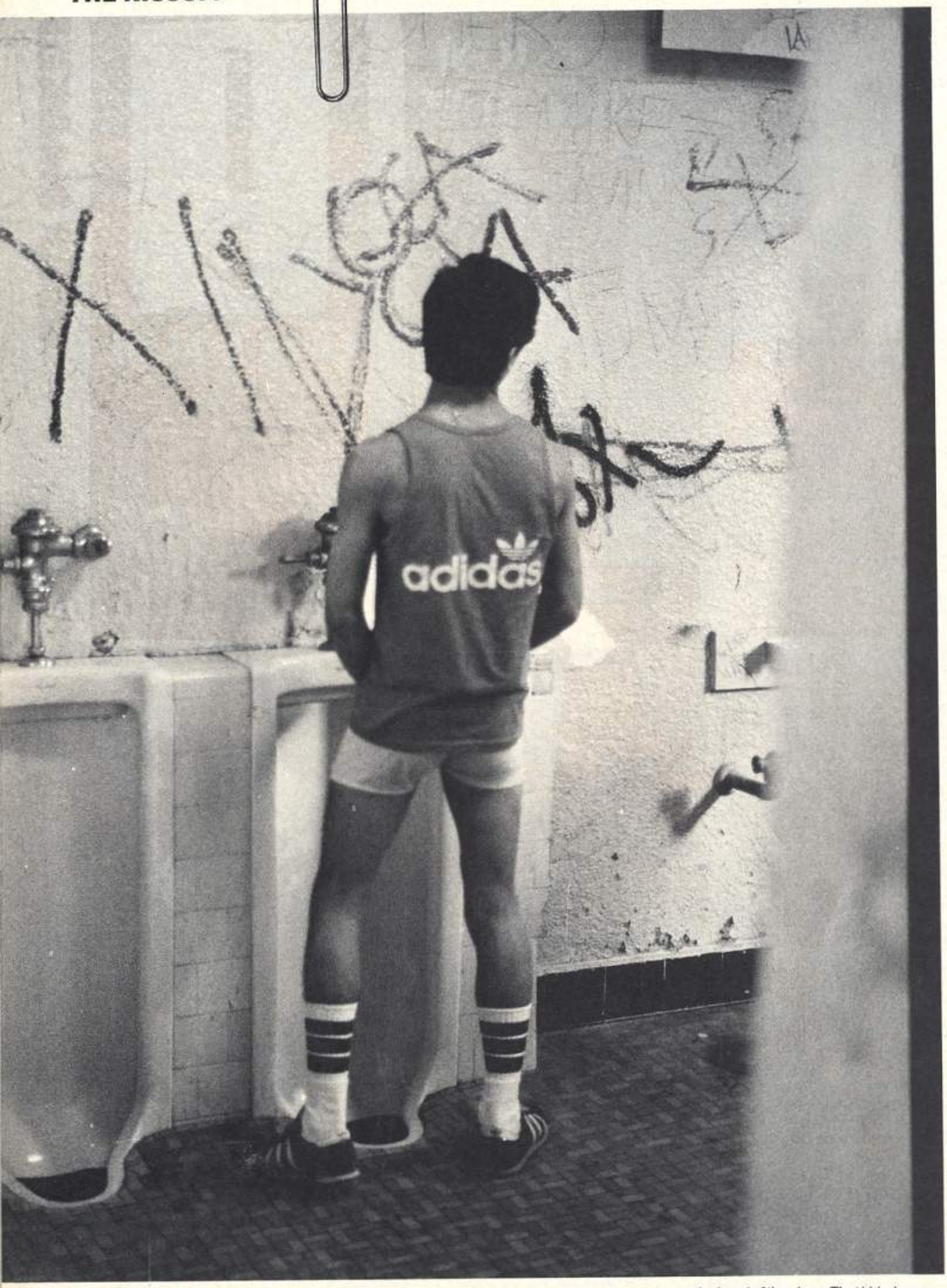
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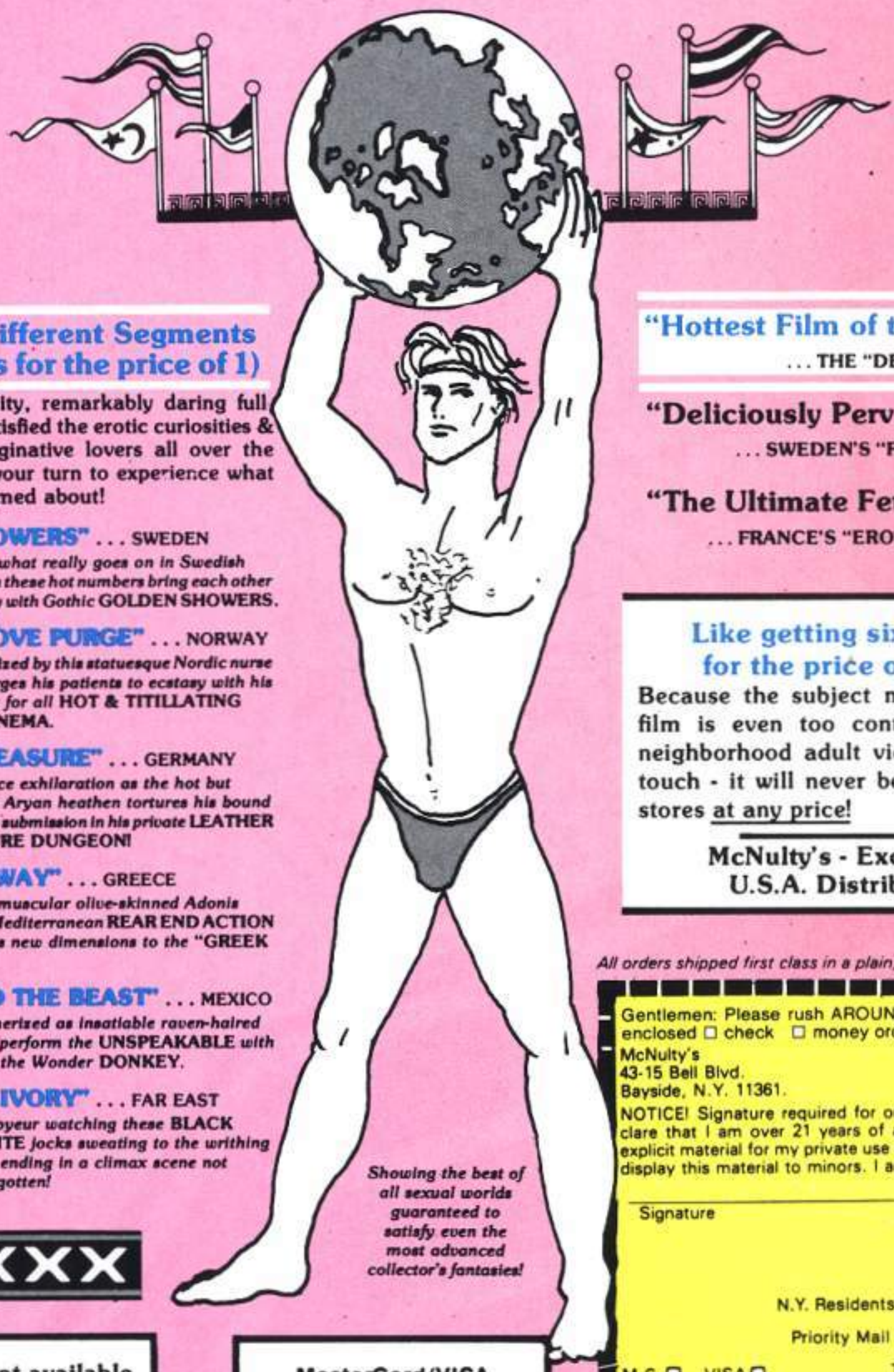
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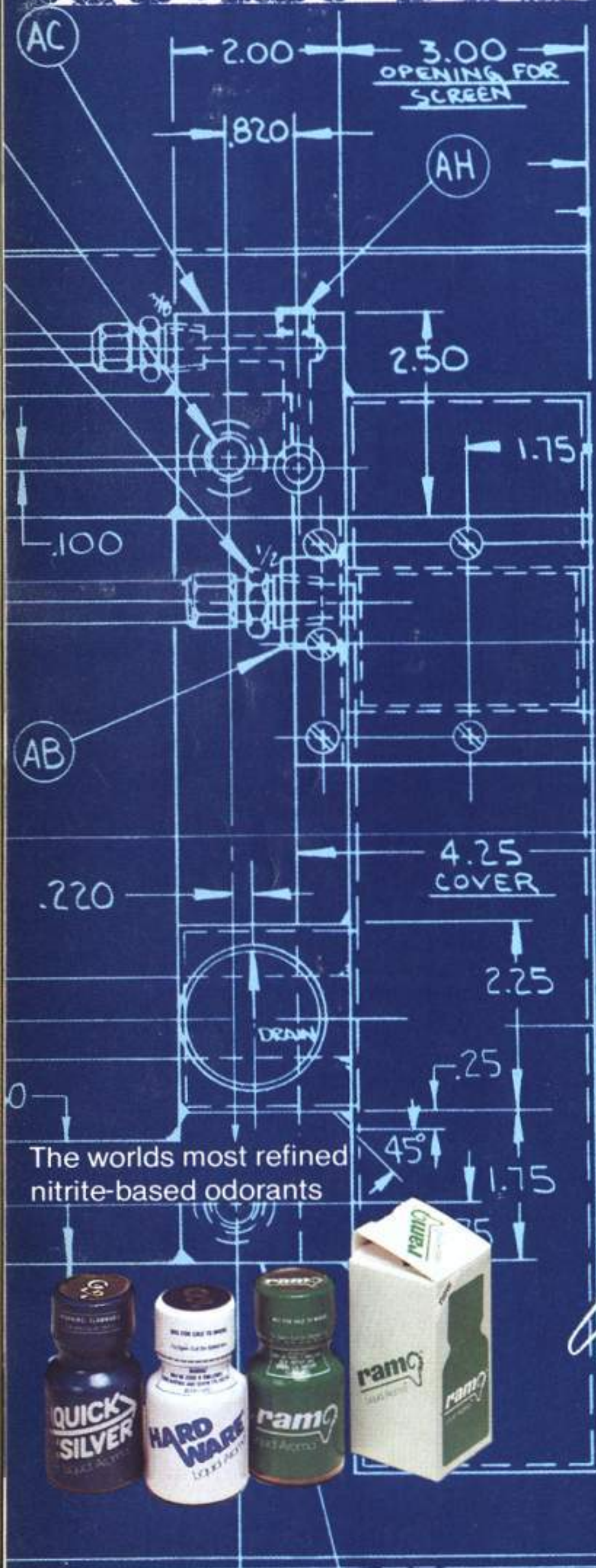
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BLUEPRINT FOR HEALTH

1



Letter From The President

For nearly a decade we've been a leader in the nitrite-odorant industry. In fact, our products Hardware®, Quicksilver® and Ram™ are in a class by themselves.

Even though numerous other brands have long been available in the marketplace, none have ever equalled our standards of excellence because our program of product improvement keeps setting those standards higher and higher. Our manufacturing and packaging processes are the most refined in the industry and our products have become widely recognized as the wisest buy for those who really care about themselves.

So it isn't surprising that others on the market have never caught up with us—more people buy more of our nitrite-odorants than any other brands in the world!

Because of the large following we enjoy in the gay community we have been greatly concerned with the AIDS problem since it first appeared two years ago and have been devoting a significant amount of our resources to a research program in that area.

However, because of the recently released data from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) which, along with articles contained in several medical journals, clearly indicate that no relationship between AIDS and nitrite-based odorants exists, we will now turn our resources away from research in that area and begin to focus, instead, on the overall health issues concerning gays.

To that end this advertisement begins a series of ads which will be titled "BLUEPRINT FOR HEALTH" and which will each contain important information relative to you and your immune system.

Information in the areas of the nutritional and sociological aspects of the disease will be presented along with suggestions from leading experts relative to how you can reduce your risk of developing AIDS.

Simultaneously, we will open our extensive files on AIDS (One of the most extensive collections of information on AIDS in the world) to the public and will make those articles available at a minimal cost to anyone interested in reviewing the subject matter contained therein.

Look for our upcoming series in major gay publications around the world.

If you would like more detailed information about our "BLUEPRINT FOR HEALTH" campaign write to us at Blueprint For Health, P.O. Box 44288, Indianapolis, IN 46204 or include your request along with the mail order coupon found below.

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President
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